ALL HAIL
BY
CHAS. H. GABRIEL
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FEB 1 1 1953

ALL HAIL

A Collection of Sacred Songs and Hymns

For Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, Devotional Meetings, Church Services, Etc., Etc.

BY

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

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PREFACE

ALL HAIL! The praise of Christ everywhere, in every way—by song, by speech, by service, by holy living, by devotion—is the leading theme of this collection of songs and hymns. We trust it will add to the glory and praise of Him, whom we love and whom earth and heaven delight to honor and adore.

ALL HAIL!

No. 1. CORONATION.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball;
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

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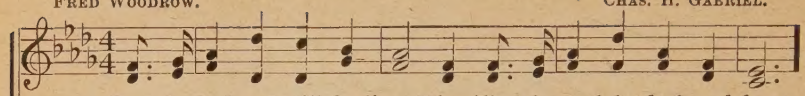
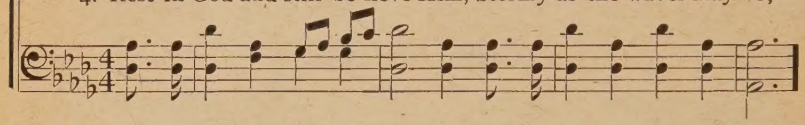
No. 2. REST IN GOD.

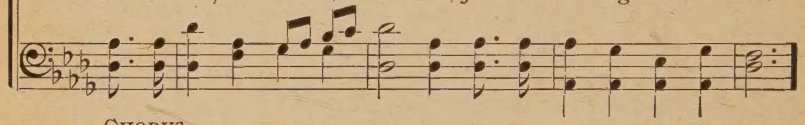
FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



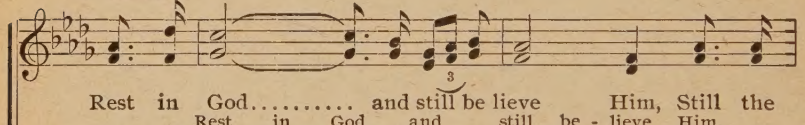
1. Rest in God and still be-lieve Him, Tho' thy path be dark and drear;
2. Rest in God and still be-lieve Him; In the parched and desert sand
3. Rest in God and still be-lieve Him, In thy sor-row He is near;
4. Rest in God and still be-lieve Him, Stormy as the waves may be;



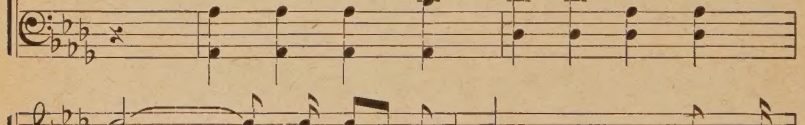
Ja-cob, on a ston-y pil-low, Found a bless-ed Beth-el near.
Find a Smitten-Rock and Fountain Flowing in a thirst-y land.
Ma-ry saw a ris-en broth-er At the Master's word ap-pear.
Pe-ter saw, a-mid the bil-lows, Je-sus walk-ing on the sea.



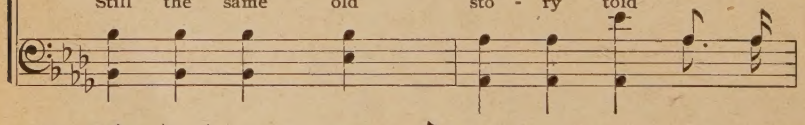
CHORUS.



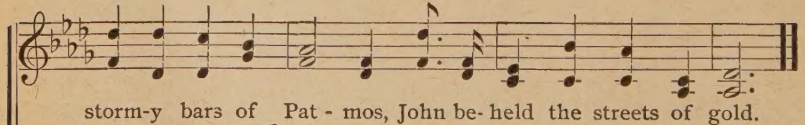
Rest in God..... and still be lieve Him, Still the
Rest in God and still be - lieve Him,



same..... old sto - ry told Thro' the
Still the same old sto - ry told



storm-y bars of Pat - mos, John be-held the streets of gold.



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No. 3. BECAUSE HE PROMISES ME.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. When I am passing thro' waters chill, When painful tri-als I see,
2. In times of sor-row and sore distress, He hears and answers my plea;
3. What-ev-er troubles my life be-fall, My "present help" He will be;
4. I give to Je-sus my ev-'ry care, From anxious thought I am free;

I know my Sav-ior upholds me still, Because He prom-is-es me.
My lov-ing Sav-ior is glad to bless, Because He prom-is-es me.
His love will car-ry me safe thro' all, Because He prom-is-es me.
Assured that He will my burdens bear, Because He prom-is-es me.

Refrain.

Be-cause He prom-is-es me,..... .... Be-cause He prom-is-es me,

prom-is-es me;..... What-ev-er o'er-take me, He'll prom-is-es me;

nev-er for-sake me, Be-cause He prom-is-es me.

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No. 4. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Long a - go man - y left us for that land of glo - ry, And our
2. Earth - ly ties may be broken–friend from friend may sever, At the
3. There'll be songs of re-joic-ing at that glo-rious meet-ing, O - ver

hearts with sor-row did o'er-flow; But we know we shall meet them by the
brink of death's re-lent-less sea; But in heav'n, by and by, with them we'll
on that bright ce-les-tial shore; As we meet all the loved ones that have

crys - tal riv - er When a - round us tem-pests cease to blow.
be u - nit - ed, And to - geth - er spend e - ter - ni - ty.
gone be - fore us, And with them shall dwell for - ev - er-more.

Chorus.

We shall meet one an-oth- er up in heav - en, We shall
by and by,

meet one an - oth - er up in heav - en; When the
by and by;

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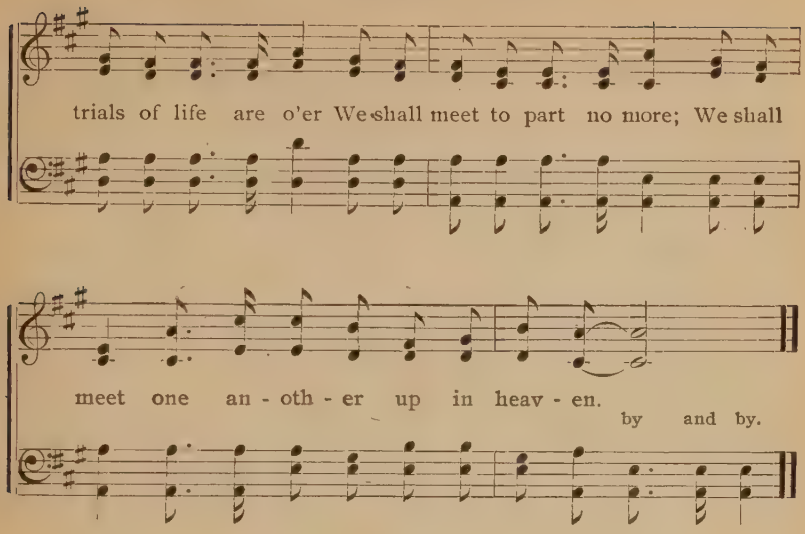
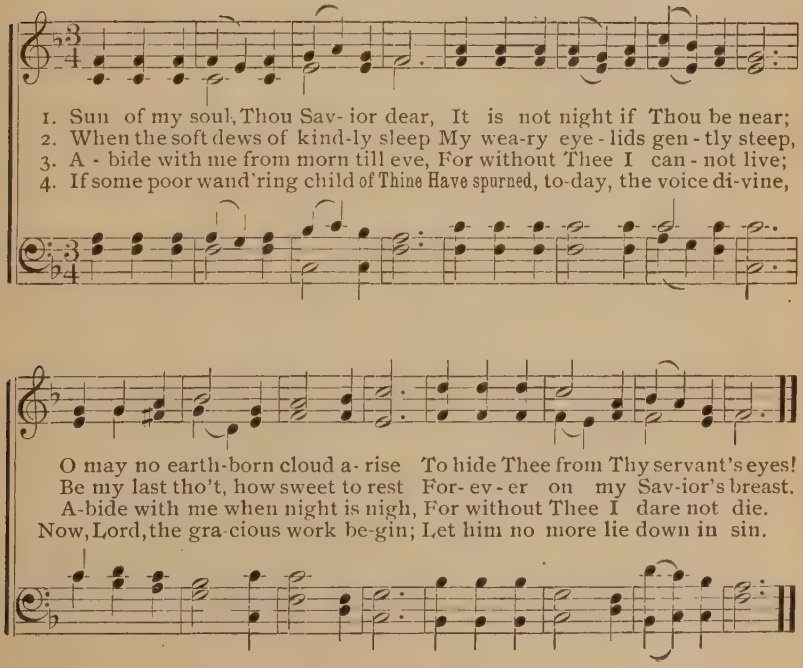
We Shall Meet Again.

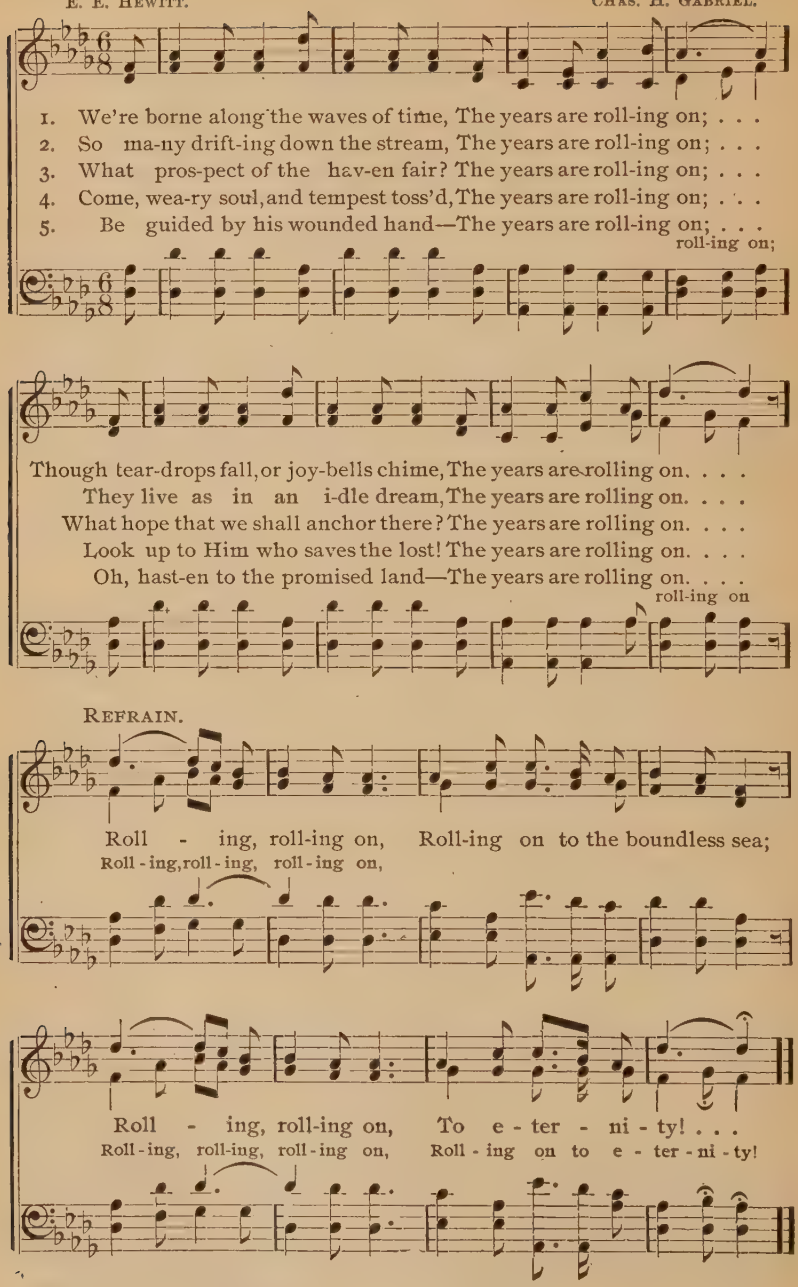


No. 5. HURSLEY.



No. 6. ROLLING ON.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.



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No. 7. COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

RAY PALMER. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Come, Je- sus, Re-deem-er, a-bide Thou with me; Come, gladden my
2. Without Thee, but weak ness; with Thee, I am strong; By day Thou shalt
3. Thy love, oh, how faith-ful! so ten- der, so pure; Thy promise, faith's

spir - it that wait-eth for Thee; Thy smile ev -'ry shad - ow shall
lead me, by night be my song; Tho' dangers sur-round me, I
an-chor, how stead-fast and sure! That love, like sweet sunshine, my

chase from my heart, And soothe ev'ry sor-row, tho' keen be the smart.
still ev - 'ry fear, Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my Help-er, art near.
cold heart can warm, That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

CHORUS.

Come, Je - sus, come! Come, Je - sus,
Come, Je - sus, come! Come, Je - sus, come!

come! Come, Je - sus, come, a - bide with me!
Come, Je - sus, come!

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No. 8. TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS!

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The mes-sage blest, a-gain re-peat, Its prom-ise sure, its
2. My bur-den sore has rolled a-way, From Christ no more my
3. When doubts and fears my faith per-plex, When sin al-lures, and
4. What-e'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or

com-fort sweet; His grace a-bound-ing, love com-plete,—
heart would stray, But help I need from day to day,—
tri-als vex, When all my strength temp-ta-tion wrecks,—
weak in will, In life or death, my plead-ing still,—

CHORUS.

Tell me more a-bout Je-sus! Tell me more a-bout

Je-sus! Tell me more a-bout Je-sus! He is my

song, my Help-er strong; Tell me more a-bout Je-sus!

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No. 9. HE LEADS AND WE FOLLOW.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O'er hill and dale, where sweetest flow'rs are growing, Thro' sunlit vale, where
2. When storms of life our onward steps are trying, When sweetest smiles are
3. Thus all the way our footsteps He is leading, And day by day our

softest winds are blowing, Where fountains bright make music in their flowing,
turned to saddest sighing, When hope and faith with-in our hearts are dying,
souls with manna feeding; Thus He supplies what-ev-er we are needing—

CHORUS.

He leads, and we fol - - low. He leads, and we
Je-sus leads and we fol-low, fol-low on. Jesus leads, and we

fol-low, He leads, and we fol-low; We cannot stray—He
fol-low, follow on, Jesus leads, and we follow, follow on; We cannot

knows the way! Je-sus leads, and we fol-low.
stray, for Jesus knows, He knows the way! Jesus leads, and we fol-low, fol-low on.

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No. 10. HE WILL GUIDE MY SOUL.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. If my path should dang'rous grow, Or the night be drear; If a
2. Just to win my soul He died; It is His a - lone; He will
3. When the hand of death is laid On this fail - ing dust, And my

sor-row wave should o'er me roll, Not a doubt my heart shall know,
guard it, He will it de - fend: And what-ev - er may be - tide,
spir - it takes a way un-known, Still I will not be a - fraid,

Not a sin - gle fear; For I know that He will guide my soul.
He will keep His own, And will guide it safe - ly to the end.
But will ful - ly trust; For I know that He will guide His own.

CHORUS.

He will guide..... .. me, safe - ly guide,..... What-so-
He will guide, will guide, safe - ly guide,

ev - er be the way, I will trust..... my Sav-ior
What-so - ev - er be the way, I will trust my Sav - ior

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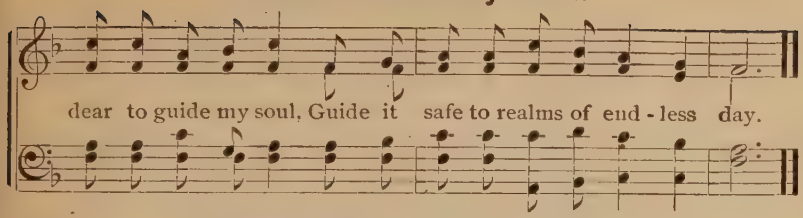
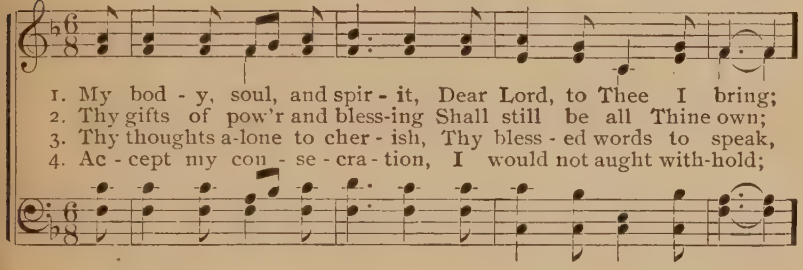
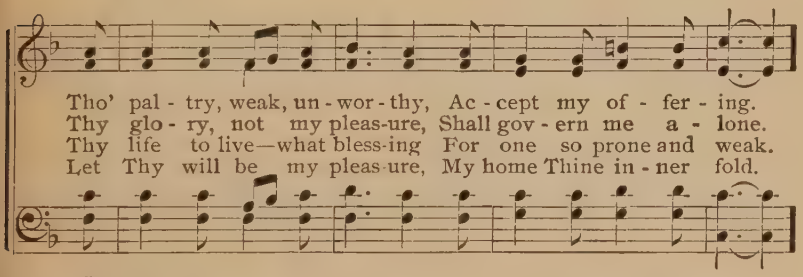
He Will Guide My Soul.



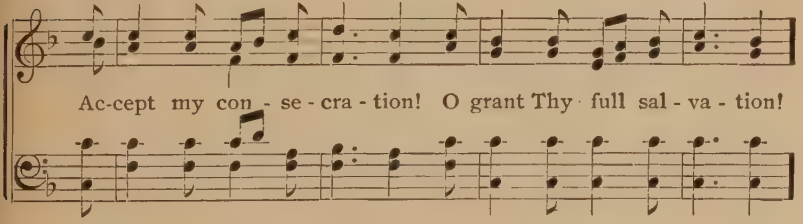
No. 11. ACCEPT MY CONSECRATION.

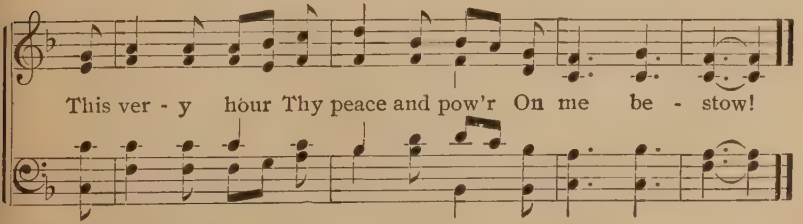
E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.





CHORUS.





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No. 12. AT THE LANDING.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, There are ho - ly ones a-
2. At the land-ing, on the far - ther shore, My Re- deem- er stands to
3. At the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea, Is a man-sion that was

wait- ing me; I can see a - cross the tide, To the oth - er side,
bear me o'er; I can see His form di - vine, In its glo - ry shine,
built for me; I shall soon be fer - ried o'er, To the far- ther shore,

Refrain.

To the land-ing, by the crys - tal sea. At the land - - ing,
At the land-ing, on the far-ther shore.
To the mansion that was built for me. At the landing, at the landing,

by the crys-tal sea, At the land - ing, at the land - ing; At the

land - - ing, by the crystal sea, By the crys - - tal sea.
landing, at the landing, by the crystal sea, At the landing, by the crystal sea.

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No. 13. PRESS ONWARD, HEIRS OF GLORY.

E. E. Hewitt. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry! What tho' the way be steep!
2. True fel - low-ship in Je - sus, Have they who love his name;
3. Press on-ward, heirs of glo - ry, His pal - ace is your goal;

Your Fa-ther's ev - er - last - ing arms Will sure - ly save and keep;
They sing His all - a-bound-ing grace, His might - y love pro-claim.
Let songs of joy and shouts of praise Re - vive the drooping soul.

An - gel ic guards sur-round you, Sweet voic - es urge you on;
To - geth-er let us fol - low His foot-steps left be - low;
The gold-en bells of E - den, In chimes of glad-ness ring;

:S:

In nev - er fail - ing ar - mor clad, The vic - t'ry will be won.
His gen - tle smile, His word of cheer, Will keep the heart a - glow.
Press on-ward 'till in robes of white You stand be - fore the King.

D. S.—Wide o-pen stands the gold-en gate To let the vic - tors in!

Chorus. *D. S.*

Press on - ward, press on - ward, Strong in the fight with sin!
Press on - ward, press on - ward,

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No. 14. THE WORK OF LOVE.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There are those we must en-cour - age, Who are struggling and
2. Is thy broth - er faint and wea - ry? Go and help him his
3. Here a lov - ing word of com-fort, There an ac - tion of

try - ing to win; For we know not their temp-ta-tions, Nor the
bur - den to bear! Has he wander'd from the path-way? Go and
mer - cy and love; Scat-ter sunshine all a-round you, And the

CHORUS.

fight they are waging with sin.
lead Him to Je-sus in prayer!
Lord will re-ward you above.

Scat-ter deeds.... of kindness and love,..
Scatter deeds of kindness, Scatter deeds of love

It will bright - en the pathway a-bove..... Scatter deeds.... of
It will light the path - way to your home, Scatter loving words

love a-long the way That leads to ev - er-last-ing day.....
all along the way That leads to ev - er-last-ing, ev-er-last-ing day.

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No. 15. GLORY, HONOR, AND PRAISE.

X. X. X. J. BOUTON LAWRENCE.

1. All glo - ry, and hon - or, and praise To Thee, our Re-
2. In Gal - i - lee, peo - ple of old Went sing - ing be-
3. So fra - grant to Thee was their praise, O smile on the

deem-er and King, To Thee our thanksgiving we raise, To
fore Thee with psalms; With prayer and with praises un - told, We,
of - f'ring we bring! Thy joy is in all pleasant lays, Thou

CHORUS.

Thee, our ho - san-nas we bring.
too, would be wav-ing our palms.
bless - ed and all - gra-cious King.

An - gel - ic - al choirs a -

bove, ... Sing glo - ry to Thee from on high, And mor-tals and
a - bove,

all things that move, ... Give anthems and songs in re - ply.
that move,

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No. 16. ON TO THE BATTLE.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On to the bat - tle, O sol - dier of Je - sus, Forth to the con - flict, the war - fare be - gin! Pow - ers of dark-ness a - round you are pressing, Raise on high your stand-ard, the faith-ful shall win.
2. Mil - lions are dy - ing! go, res - cue the cap-tives From sin's pol- lu - tion! re - joice in His grace! Foes with - out num - ber may sore - ly dis-tress you; Bold-ly struggle on in the light of His face.
3. On! Sa - tan's ter - rors shall not o - ver-whelm you; Stand up for Je - sus! His trust ne'er be-tray; For - ward! the watch-fires now gleam on the mountains, Christ, your light and strength, goes before all the way.

CHORUS.

Shout! for the Might-y, the Lord ev - er - last-ing, Calls you to vic - to - ry; why fear the hosts of sin? Gladness, like morning, shall

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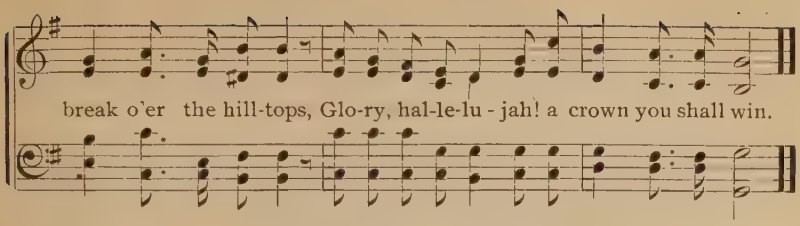
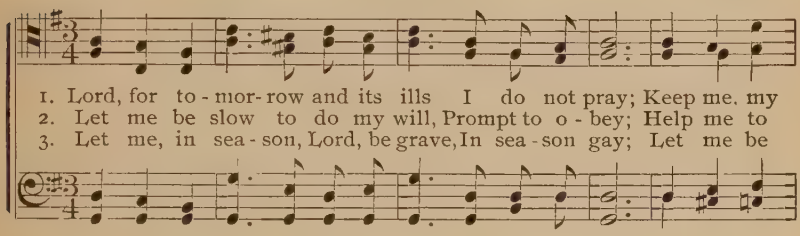
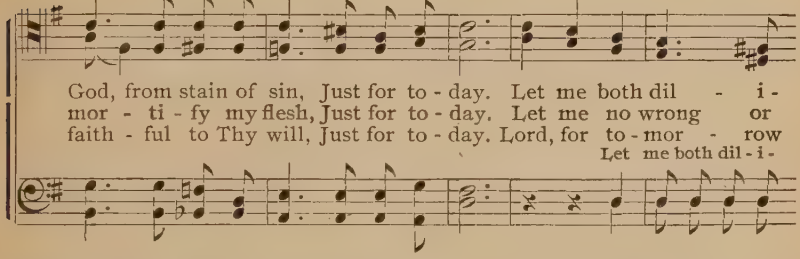
On to the Battle.

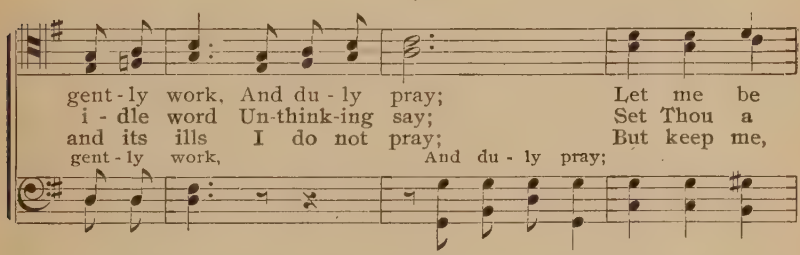


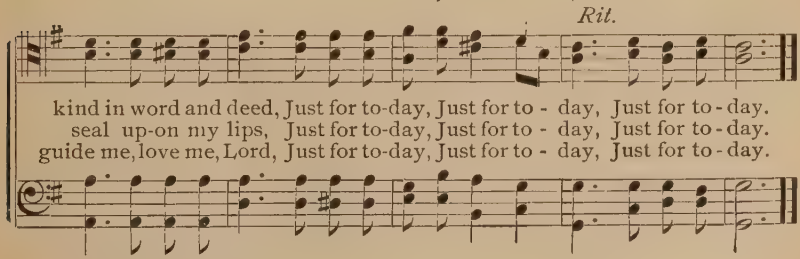
No. 17. JUST FOR TO-DAY.

H. A. Henry.









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No. 18. AS WE ARE KNOWN.

JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Tho' we tread the way to heav-en now by faith and not by
2. Some glad day each hid-den pur-pose in our lives will be made
3. Tho' we now grow faint and wea-ry 'neath the bur-dens we must
4. Trust-ing in the Mas-ter's wis-dom till all mys-ter-y is

sight, We shall know as we are known by and by;
plain, We shall know as we are known by and by;
bear, We shall know as we are known by and by;
o'er, We shall know as we are known by and by;
by and by;

Aft-er earth-ly gloom is banished by the ev-er-last-ing light,
Learning ful-ly all the mean-ing of our sorrows, loss, and pain,
Aft-er tri-als to us giv-en fit us heaven's bliss to share,
Face to face with Him who loves us, prais-ing Him for-ev-er-more,

We shall know as we are known by and by.
We shall know as we are known by and by.
We shall know as we are known by and by.
We shall know as we are known by and by.
by and by.

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As We Are Known.

CHORUS.

We shall know..... as we are known, when we
We shall know as we are known, as we are known,

meet..... be-fore the throne, In the
when we meet be-fore the throne, be-fore the throne,

cit-y o'er the riv-er, dwell-ing with the saved for-ev-er,

We shall know as we are known by and by.
by and by.

No. 19. INVOCATION.

1. While we bow, humbly now, Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther!
But to Thee can we flee, [*Omit.* . . . . .] Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther!

2. Life is brief, filled with grief, Thou canst help, O Father!
Weak and frail, oft we fail, [*Omit.* . . . . .] Thou art strong, O Fa-ther!

3. Help-less, blind, slow of mind, Guide us still, O Fa-ther!
By Thy hand, to that land [*Omit.* . . . . .] Where Thou reignest, Fa-ther!

No. 20. I BELIEVE IT!

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. You ask me why I'm hap-py,—why I'm sing-ing all the day,
2. You ask me why the burdens of the world can-not op-press,—
3. You ask me how I hope to meet the loved ones gone be - fore,

Why I smile at trib - u - la-tions that would hinder or dis - may;—
Why the ma - ny cares and tri - als that I meet can-not dis-tress;—
In a bright and glad to - mor-row, on a fair and peaceful shore;—

'Tis be - cause my Sav-ior promised to be with me all the
'Tis be - cause my Sav-ior promised to be with me, and to
'Tis be - cause my Sav-ior promised love and life for - ev - er -

way, And I be - lieve it, I be - lieve it— ev - 'ry word!
bless, And I be - lieve it, I be - lieve it— ev - 'ry word!
more, And I be - lieve it, I be - lieve it— ev - 'ry word!

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I Believe It!

CHORUS.

I be - lieve..... it, I be - lieve it!
I be - lieve it, I be-lieve it, ev - 'ry word I be - lieve!

Cres. *Rall.*

Glo - ry be to Je - sus, I be-lieve on His name! Yes, I be -

A tempo. *Dim.*

lieve..... it, I be - lieve it!
lieve it, I be - lieve it, ev - 'ry word I be - lieve!

Cres. *Rit.*

Yes - ter - day, to - day, and for - ev - er the same."

No. 21. GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be: World without end. A-men.

No. 22. JOY OF CONSECRATION.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. What blessed peace the tho't affords When we can say we're all the Lord's!
2. What joy it is our Lord to serve, When we are His with-out re-serve!
3. To Thee, dear Christ, our wills we bring, Thy love we mag - ni-fy and sing,

And when in con - se-cra-tion sweet, Our wills are laid at Je-sus' feet.
When we can say from in-most soul, His blood doth make us fully whole.
And feel what joy the tho't affords, Since we can say we're all the Lord's.

CHORUS.

Be - yond the fear of grief and pain, To live is
Be - yond the fear of grief and pain, To

Christ, to die is gain, Cleansed are our hearts from sin and
live is Christ, to die is gain, Cleansed are our hearts from

car-nal pride, When we with Christ are cru - ci - fied.
car - nal pride, When we with Christ are cru - ci - fied.

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No. 23. HE PAID THE PRICE OF SIN.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Can I be si - lent when I know The tender love of Christ to me,
2. Can I be si - lent when I know The blessed One who cares for me
3. Can I be si - lent when I know The Lord who saved and ransomed me

And that this same dear Lord of mine Has love and grace e-nough for thee?
Is wait-ing at Thy darkened door To prove His love and care for thee?
Has yet the same redeeming grace Which now He of - fers un - to thee?

CHORUS.

O sing, my tongue, His praise, Tell of. . . . . His works and ways! A
O sing, my tongue, His praise, Tell of His works and ways!

Shepherd, loving and kind, is He, Who left the ninety and nine for

me, And by His death on the cru-el tree, He paid the price of sin.

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No. 24. I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON.

WM. HUNTER. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; I feel like travel-ing on!
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; I feel like travel-ing on!
3. My Fa-ther's home is built on high; I feel like travel-ing on!
4. When from this earthly pris - on free, I feel like travel-ing on!

Nor pain nor death can en - ter there, I feel like travel-ing on.
That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine, I feel like travel-ing on.
Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky, I feel like travel-ing on.
That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be, I feel like travel-ing on.

CHORUS.

I feel like travel-ing on,..... I feel like travel-ing on,.....
trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on,

My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like trav - el - ing on.

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No. 25. WHY I SING.

IDA CLARKSON LEWIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I sing be - cause I love Him— Be-cause to earth He came
2. I sing be - cause I love Him; From sin He set me free;
3. I sing be - cause I love Him, For keep-ing me in peace;

To save all those who trust Him, From end-less death and shame.
He taught my soul to praise Him—Filled it with mel - o - dy.
Un - til my eyes be - hold Him, My song shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

I sing..... be - cause I love.....
I sing be - cause I love Him—Be - cause He died for

Him, Be - cause He died for me;.....
me; I love Him be - cause He died for me, for me;

For this I shall a - dore Him Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 26. ONCE AGAIN.

FRED WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Once a - gain I want to hear it, Sto - ry sweet and sto - ry old;
2. Once a - gain the song as- cend-ing To the Lord who died for me,
3. Once a - gain, oh, tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry yet to be,

Sweet-er than the sweetest mu - sic, Rich - er far than gems and gold;
Let me feel that He is hear-ing! How I long His face to see!
O'er the walls of shin-ing jas - per, O'er the bright and crys-tal sea;

Tell it to me, tell it to me, Sto - ry of the Sav-ior's love,
Mer - cy, mer - cy, like a fountain, Springing up and run-ning o'er,
I will list - en, I will praise Him, And, a-mid a world of care,

FINE.

Known on earth, and known in glo - ry, Sweet be- low, and sweet a - bove.
Life and love for thirst-y mill-ions, Life and love for mill-ions more!
Bear the cross with-out re - pin-ing, Thinking of the glo - ry there!

D.S.—First on earth, and first in glo - ry, Still the best and still the same.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Tell it to me, tell it to me Once a-gain the old, old Name,
Tell it to me, tell it to me,

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No. 27. I AM TRUSTING THEE.

F. R HAVERGAL. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow,
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
5. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall.

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der par - don Trust - ing now.
Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all.

REFRAIN.

I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust-ing on - ly Thee,

I am trusting Thee, fully trusting Thee; I am trust-ing on - ly Thee.

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No. 28. THE CRY IN THE LAND.

J. W. CARPENTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a cry heard in the land— 'tis a bit - ter, wail-ing cry,
2. There were hopes in bright sunlight that were budding in - to flow'r,
3. There are souls that are dethroned from the rule of pur-pose high,

Ra - chel weep- ing for her chil - dren who are slain; And there
Giv - ing prom - ise fair of fruit - age by and by; But the
Giv - ing place to bru - tal pas - sions in the breast; There the

comes no voice to com - fort her, no sol - ace can be found,
sun - light fled from shad - ows, and the shad-ows in - to night,
e - vil pas - sions, burn- ing, have con-sumed the high de-sire,

For her sons have died ig - no - bly, and in vain.
When the mon - ster grim de - creed that they must die.
And the smit - ten, cap - tive souls are sore op - pressed.

CHORUS.

'Tis a Herod's sword that has stricken them down! Rouse ye! rouse ye!

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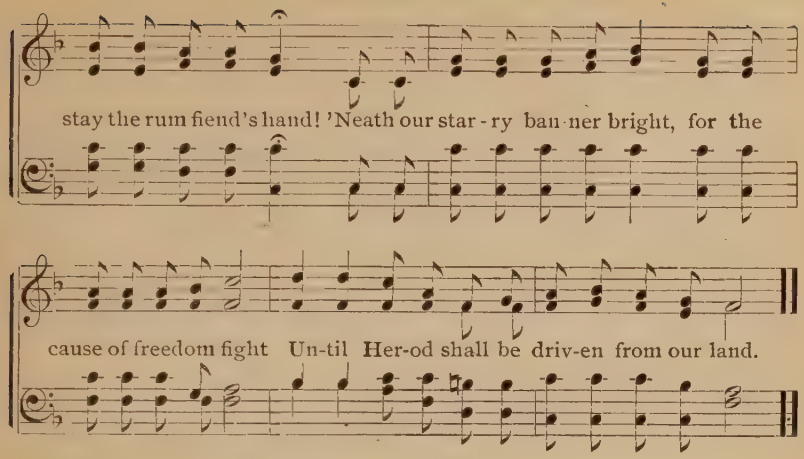
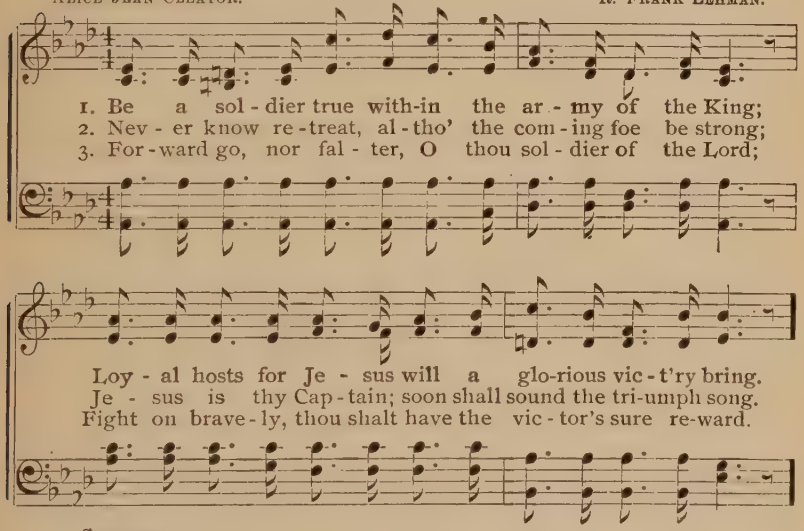
The Cry in the Land.

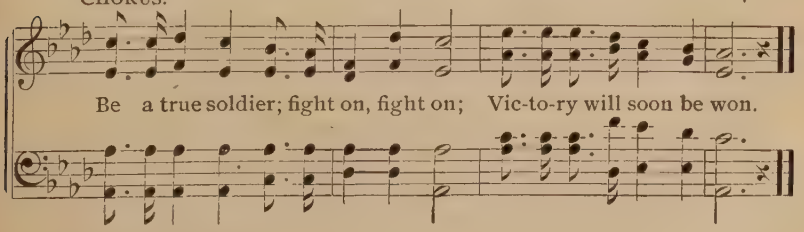


No. 29. BE A SOLDIER TRUE.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. R. FRANK LEHMAN.



CHORUS.



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No. 30. LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Rev. N. A. McAulay. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Tenor or Soprano and Alto.

1. Look - ing un - to Je - sus as I run the christian race;
2. Look - ing un - to Je - sus when I feel the sting of sin;
3. Look - ing un - to Je - sus, singing sweet - ly as I go;

Look - ing un - to Je - sus for sup-plies of dai - ly grace;
Look - ing un - to Je - sus for His cleans-ing pow'r with-in;
Look - ing un - to Je - sus till I quit this vale be - low;

Look - ing un - to Je - sus as I read His ho - ly word;
Look - ing un - to Je - sus for a peace with-out al - loy
Look - ing un - to Je - sus when im - mor - tal I shall rise,

Look - ing un - to Je - sus, my Re-deem - er and my Lord.
Look - ing un - to Je - sus for a nev - er end-ing joy.
Look - ing un - to Je - sus for a home be-yond the skies.

Chorus.

Look - - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - - ing ev - 'ry
Looking, look - ing, look-ing un - to Je-sus, Look-ing, look - ing,

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Looking Unto Jesus. Concluded.

day; Look - ing un - to Je - sus, To
look-ing ev - 'ry day; Looking, look - ing, look-ing un - to Je - sus,

Him who is the way.... ..... Look-ing un - to Je - sus in the
Looking un - to Him, to Him who is the way.

conflict and the strife, Looking unto Je - sus ev'ry mo - ment of my life.
Je - sus ev'ry moment of my life.

* *If desired, this ending may be sung as a Duet.*

No. 31. WELLESLEY.

F. W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There's a wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 32. THE CROSS.

Dr. Bonar. J. R. Dunham.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah!
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah!
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah!

De - fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le-lu - jah for the cross! The winds of
Its triumphs let us tell, Hal-le-lu - jah for the cross! The grace of
Our sins on Je - sus laid, Hal-le-lu - jah for the cross! So 'round the

hell have blown, The world its hate hath shown, Yet 'tis not o-ver-thrown,
God here shown, Thro' Christ, the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone,
cross we sing Of Christ, our of - fer - ing,—Of Christ, our liv-ing King,

Chorus.

Hal-le - lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le-lu-jah! It ne'er shall suffer

loss, Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah for the cross!

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No. 33. FOREVERMORE.

Rev. J. M. Orrock. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How care-ful - ly aught we to live, Who to the righteous Judge must give A strict ac - count of what we do, In tho't, and
2. As from a fount - ain waters flow, As from the heart comes joy or woe; Tho'ts spring to acts, and words re - veal The fol - ly
3. Lord, if our des - ti - ny de-pends, On whith-er-ward our life-course tends, The past for - give, and grant that we, Hence-forth may

Chorus.

word, and ac - tion, too. Our foot-fall on the shores of time Is heard on the e - ter - nal shore, Its ech - o sounds thro' yonder clime, Ev-er-more, ev - er - more.
or the joy we feel. shores of time Is heard on the e - ter-nal shore, Its ech - o, ech-o sounds thro' yonder clime, Ev - er, ev - er-more, ev - er, ev - er - more.
close - ly walk with Thee. on the shores, the

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No. 34. CLINGING TO MY SAVIOR'S HAND.

IDA L. REED. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I will cling to Thy hand while the heav-y surg-es roll, And I know Thou canst save me, my Sav-ior and King; Tho' the tempest is wild that is sweeping o'er my soul, It can nev-er o-ver-whelm me if to Thee I cling. I am cling-ing, I am cling-ing, I am cling-ing, I am cling-ing, bless-ed Sav-ior, to Thy

2. In the storm or the calm to Thy hand I still will cling, For Thy grasp, strong and lov-ing, will ne'er let me go; Thou wilt keep me se-cure in the shel-ter of Thy wing, And I there, tho' faint and wea-ry, peaceful rest shall know.

3. I will hold to Thy hand as the fit-ful days go by; I will trust, I will love Thee, tho' dark life may be; Thou wilt lead me in peace to my bless-ed home on high, Thou wilt light-en all my cross-es, Thou wilt comfort me.

CHORUS.

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Clinging to My Savior's Hand.

tender hand! Thou wilt bless and comfort me, All Thy grace my soul shall

see, While I'm clinging, ev - er cling-ing to Thy might - y hand.

No. 35. ALWAYS SHOW YOUR COLORS.

N. A. McA. Rev. Neal A. McAulay.

1. Where'er you go, be true to Christ, Tho' hosts your way op-pose;
2. Whate'er you do, be true to Christ, Tho' some may false ap-pear;
3. Whene'er you speak, be true to Christ, Tho' oth - ers si - lent be;
4. Whate'er your lot, be true to Christ, His cross in meekness bear;

:S: Fine.

Be loy - al to your liv-ing Head, Press on in spite of foes.
Your deeds will touch the heedless one, If lov - ing and sin-cere.
Fear not to tell of Him who died On Cal-v'ry's rug-ged tree.
For those who hon - or Him be-low, A crown in heav'n shall wear.

D. S.—Up-hold the ban - ner of the cross, Be true to Christ and right.

Chorus. D. S.

Then al - ways show your col - ors, Keep shield and ar - mor bright;

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No. 36. SEEK THE REFUGE.

FRED WOODROW. C. HUTCHINSON.

1. Seek, O sin - ner, seek the ref - uge, Hast-en in its o - pen door,
2. Seek, oh, seek the mer - cy of - fered, Ere sal - va - tion, full and free,
3. Soon, oh, soon the lamp that's shining, For thy feet a guid-ing light,
4. Why, oh, why de - lay your com-ing, Waiting for a fu - ture day,

Ere the latch that God has lift - ed, He may lift a - gain no more.
Found by ev - 'ry seek-ing sin - ner, Is for - ev - er lost to thee.
Will a - mid the gloom-y dark-ness, Sink in ev - er - last-ing night.
Which, to such as went be - fore it, Spreads its wings and flies a - way?

CHORUS.

Do not tar - ry! Do not tar - ry! Time is ev - er on the wing,

And the bow of Death is read - y, With the ar - row on the string;

And the bow of Death is read - y, With the ar - row on the string.

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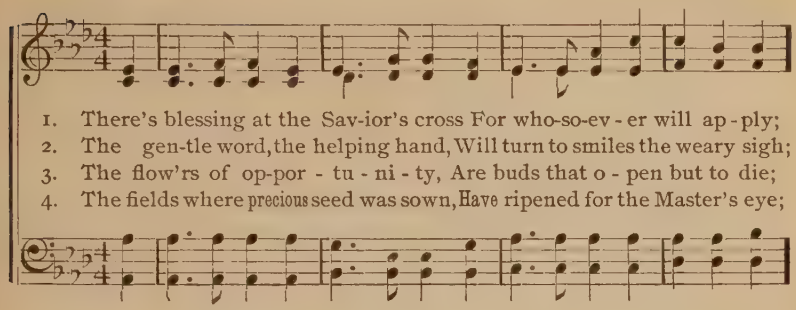
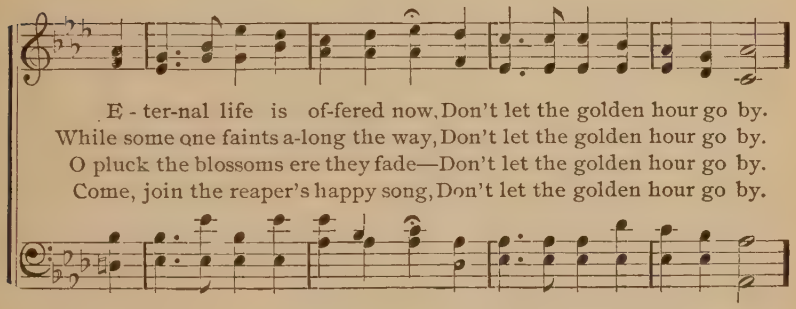
No. 37. DON'T LET THE GOLDEN HOUR GO BY.

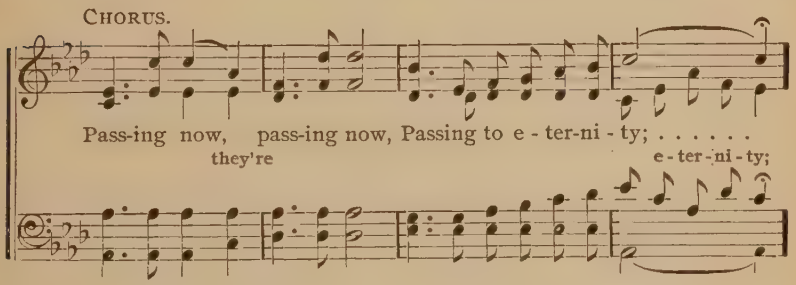
E. E. Hewitt. Dr. S. B. Jackson.



1. There's blessing at the Sav-ior's cross For who-so-ev - er will ap - ply;
2. The gen-tle word, the helping hand, Will turn to smiles the weary sigh;
3. The flow'rs of op-por - tu - ni - ty, Are buds that o - pen but to die;
4. The fields where precious seed was sown, Have ripened for the Master's eye;

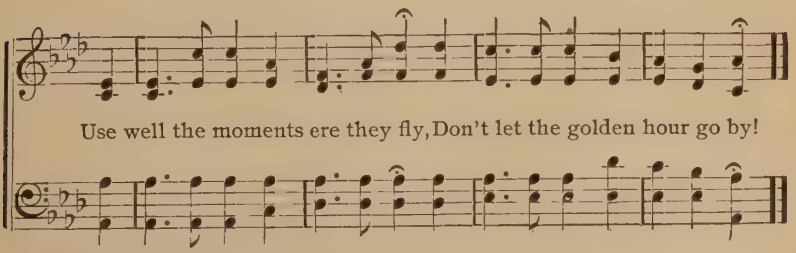


E - ter-nal life is of-fered now, Don't let the golden hour go by.
While some one faints a-long the way, Don't let the golden hour go by.
O pluck the blossoms ere they fade—Don't let the golden hour go by.
Come, join the reaper's happy song, Don't let the golden hour go by.



Chorus.

Pass-ing now, pass-ing now, Passing to e - ter-ni - ty; . . . . . .
they're e - ter - ni - ty;



Use well the moments ere they fly, Don't let the golden hour go by!

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No. 38. WONDROUS LOVE.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. 'Twas for love Je - sus came from the sky, And for love did He suf - fer and die; Love, that all He might save From the pow'r of the grave,— Won - drous love. O, such love, such won - der - ful love, That bro't my dear Lord from a - bove; . . . . O such peace, a - bid-ing and sweet—In Je - sus it is com - plete!

2. 'Tis for love He is plead-ing on high, And for love that He calls you and I; Love will save us from sin— Pur-i - fy us with- in,— Won - drous love.

3. 'Tis in love that He deals with a soul; 'Tis in love that He pardons,—makes whole,—That for sorrow, gives joy Earth can never de - stroy,— Won - drous love.

4. Soon His love we shall more ful - ly know; Soon His love He will more rich - ly show; Soon His grace we shall see, And our prais-es shall be— "Won - drous love!"

CHORUS.

from a - bove;

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No. 39. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

R. T. W. R. T. WILEY.

1. The Sav-ior de-scend-ed from glo - ry a - bove, De-scend ed for you,
2. He bore all the sor-row, the grief and the shame, He bore it for you,
3. He suf-fered on Cal - va - ry, shrouded in gloom, He suffered for you,
4. Oh, come to this Sav - ior, give heed to the call; His "come" is for you,

de-scend-ed for me, To save a lost world in His won-der-ful love, Poor
He bore it for me; In pa-tience en-dur-ing, tho' all without blame, For
He suffered for me; He died, and His bod - y was laid in the tomb, For
praise God 'tis for me; With Him is sal - va-tion and par-don for all, For

CHORUS.

sinners like you, poor sinners like me.
sinners like you, for sinners like me.
sinners like you, for sinners like me.
sinners like you, for sinners like me.
} All honor and glory be unto His name,

Our Je - sus, whose goodness is ev - er the same; His mer-cy is

boundless, His pardon is free, For sinners like you, for sinners like me.

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No. 40. HAVE A CHEERING MESSAGE.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In life's ev - er-drear - y val - ley, 'Mid con - ten - tion, toil and care,
2. There are man-y, heart-sore, burdened, Ev - er struggling on a - lone,
3. You might lighten care and sor-row, Brighten many a gloomy way;

Where the gods of gain so man - y lives con - trol, If a
And, for tears, at times, they scarce can see the goal; What a
You might help a soul dark pas - sions to con - trol; Man - y

pow er you would be For the Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Ev - er
bless-ing you may prove, What de - spair and grief re-move, If you'll
faint-ing souls each day You may help a - long the way, If you'll

FINE. CHORUS.

have a cheer-ing mes-sage in your soul. O have, ev-er have a message
have a cheer-ing mes-sage in your soul.
keep a cheer-ing mes-sage in your soul. O have a mes - sage,

D. S.

sweet..... In your soul for the weary ones you meet;.....
have a message sweet In your soul for the wea-ry ones you meet;

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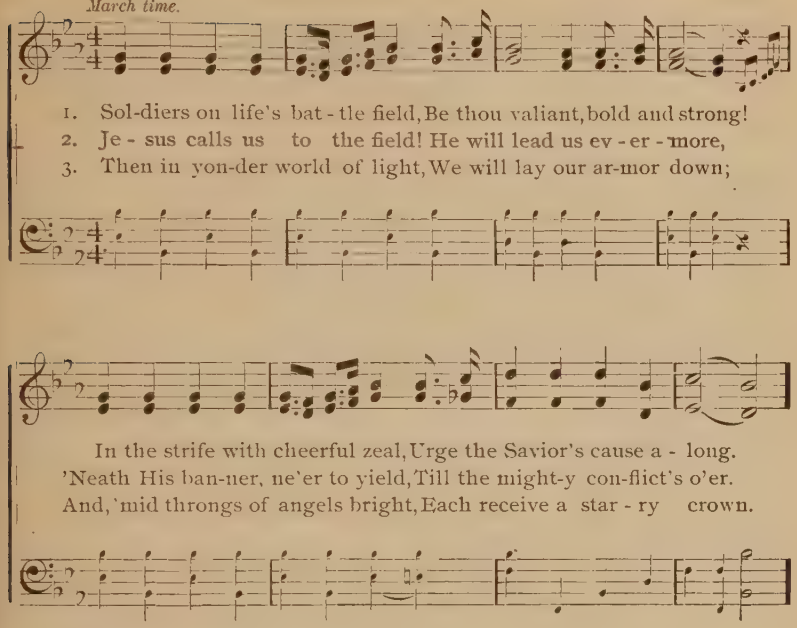
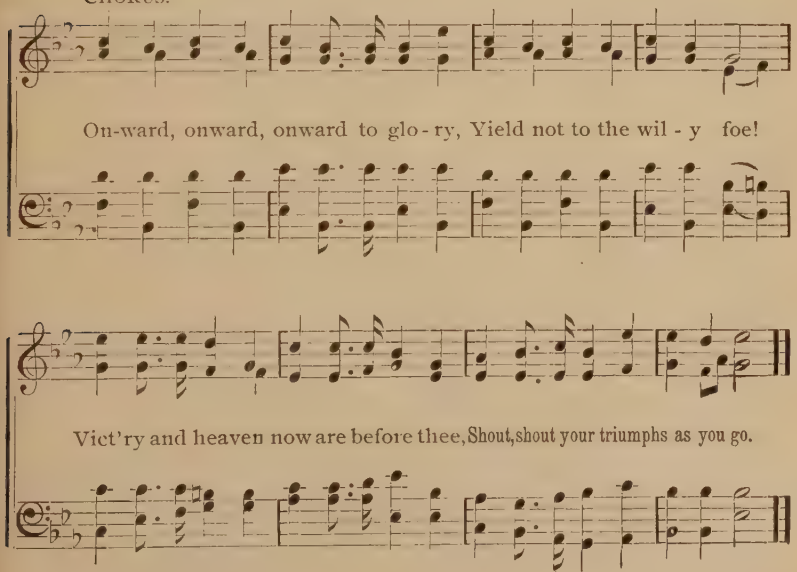
No. 41. ONWARD TO GLORY

X. X. X. Mrs. Carrie B. Adams,

March time.



Chorus.



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No. 42. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day, I am hap - py all the way,
2. Li - ous oft seem in the way–Straight a-head I keep, and pray,
3. I re - joice e'en when I'm sad, For His promise makes me glad,
4. Such bap - tisms of His love! Such a-noint-ings from a - bove,

Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Things may seem all right or wrong,–
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Then a vic - to - ry is gained,
Since I m walking in the King's highway; For each wound I have a balm,–
Since I'm walking in the King's highway; Je-sus comes and walks with me;

Trust-ing still, I march along, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
For I find the lions chained, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
In the fight I wear a palm, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.
More in Him each day I see, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

CHORUS.

Walking in the King's highway! I am walking in the King's highway! I am
highway!

happy in the Lord, I am trusting in His word, Since I'm walking in the King's highway.

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No. 43. LEAD ME ALL THE WAY.

ADA BLENKHORN. MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Lead me, Savior, gently lead, I pray, Lead me all a-long my pilgrim way;
2. Wilt Thou thro' life's journey be my Guide? Close beside me, blessed Lord abide;
3. Lead me, for the way I do not know; Lead me, for a - lone I can-not go;

Firmly hold me by Thy loving hand. Till I reach the promised, happy land.
Gent-ly whisper in my list'ning ear, Words of love my fainting heart to cheer.
Lead me,—Savior, Guide and Shepherd be, Lead, and I will gladly follow Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, lead . . . . me, gen-tly lead me; In Thy
Sav - ior, lead me, lead me, gen - tly lead me;

pleas - ant pastures feed me; Lead me, lead me ev'ry
In Thy pleas - ant pastures dai - ly feed me; Lead me, Sav - ior,

day, ... Kindly lead me all the way. . . . . .
lead me ev-'ry day, Sav-ior, lead me, kind-ly lead me all a-long the way.

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No. 44. STEER TOWARD THE LIGHT.

GERTRUDE T. CLARK. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fierce is the tem-pest, loud is its roar, Storm-tossed the mar - in - er,
2. Storms cannot hide it, years can-not fade; Firm its foun-da - tion is,
3. When wild the tem-pest round thee is hurled, Look un - to Je - sus, the

far from the shore; See! what is put - ting the dark-ness to flight?
be not a - fraid; Heav'n's ample har - bor shall soon greet thy sight,
hope of the world; Bright shall the day be that fol - lows the night,

CHORUS.

Je - sus, the Morning Star; steer t'ward the light!
Watch for the dawn of day, steer t'ward the light!
Cour-age, then, mar-in - er, steer t'ward the light!
} Brightly it gleams, and its

pure sil - ver beams Scat-ter the gloom of the night, of the night; Tho' the

storms round thee rave, He is mighty to save, Then, mariner, steer t'ward the light.

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No. 45. CHOSEN FOR HIS SERVICE.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Oh, my heart is glad, and I fain would sing Of the joy that fills my heart al-
2. Stayed upon His word I shall overcome, Life will be a glad, triumphant
3. Ready night and day just to be or do What my blessed Master wills for

way, For the Christ is mine, and His grace divine Is suf-fi-cient for the
song; He has made me free, and His hand I see Guiding and upholding
me; Sat-is-fied to rest on His loving breast, Simply trusting where I

CHORUS.

dark-est day. Oh, sing.... ..... un-to the Lord,.....
all day long.
can-not see. Oh, sing un-to the Lord, sing, sing un-to the Lord,

Take Him at His word, His ev'ry promise claim; Oh, sing.....un-
Oh, sing unto the Lord,

Oh, take Him at His word, His prom - ise claim;

to the Lord,..... Glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name.
sing, sing un-to the Lord,

And glo-ri-fy His ho-ly name.

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No. 46. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

2d and 3d stanzas by C. D. E. Arr. by C. D. Emerson.

1. We'll shout and sing, make heaven ring with prais - es to our King,
2. In cheer-ful lays our voic - es raise to Him our songs of praise;
3. His name so sweet, His love complete we own, and kiss His feet;

Who bled and died, was cru - ci - fied that He might par - don bring;
We loud pro-claim His bless-ed name, and won-ders of His ways;
To pu - ri - fy and sanc - ti - fy His prom - i - ses are meet!

His blood can save a soul, can cleanse and make it whole—
While this, the sto - ry sweet, we joy - ful - ly re - peat,—
All glo - ry to His name with rapt - ure we pro - claim—

The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth white as snow, white as snow!

Chorus.

The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus

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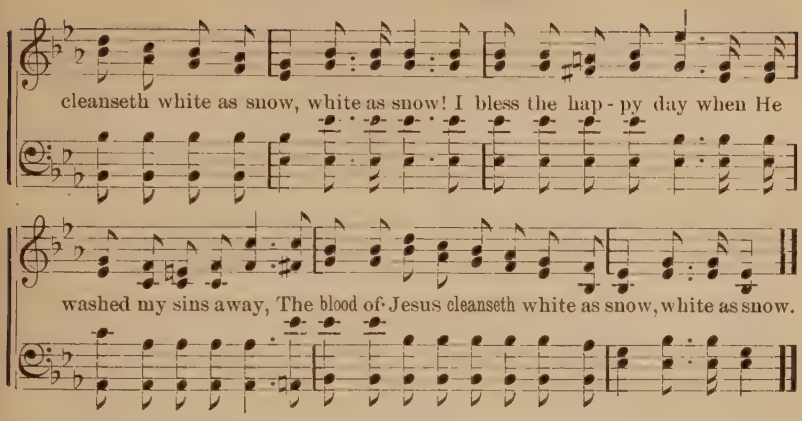
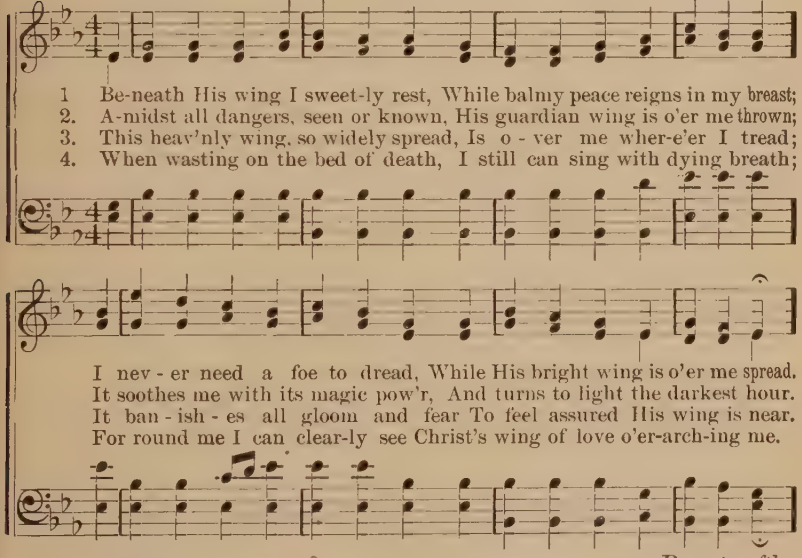
The Blood of Jesus.

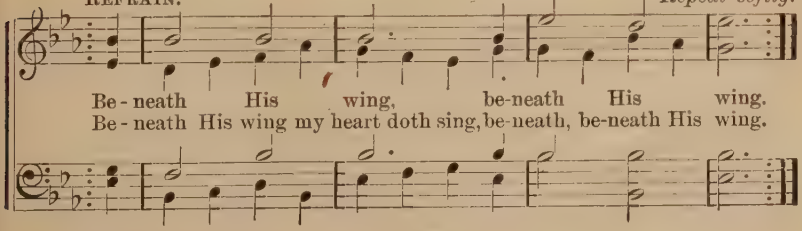


No. 47. BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D. J. H. FILLMORE.



REFRAIN. *Repeat softly.*



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No. 48. GOING AWAY UNSAVED.

Rev. I. N. McHose. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject-ing the
2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heeding the Spirit's sweet
3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep-est
4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, You're hard'ning your heart by de -

Lord? Why grope in the dark - ness, re - fus - ing the light,
call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come,
gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight,
lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright;

Chorus.

No hope of a bless - ed re - ward? You're going a-way un-
There's room and a wel - come for all.
And leave you to com - fort - less doom.
Oh, why are you go - ing a - way?

saved! You're go-ing a - way un - saved, While par-don is free,
un-saved, un-saved,

Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go-ing a - way un - saved. . . .
un - saved.

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No. 49. VICTORY BY AND BY.

IDA M. BUDD. C. D. EMERSON,

1. We are marching onward in the cause of right, ... Bravely
2. In the Sunday school we mass our forces brave, ... Whence the
3. Oh, the wrong we'll vanquish, and the right shall win, ... Ere the

march-ing on,

on to meet the foe, We are sure to conquer in Im-man-uel's
gos-pel trumpet's sound That shall tell the na-tions of His pow'r to
fleet-ing days are past, And with Him who e'er a con - quer-or has

CHORUS.

might, . . . And the hosts of sin o'er throw. Then a - way, . . .
save, ... Shall be heard the world a-round.
been, ... We shall o - ver-come at last. Then a-way

march-ing on

march a - way 'Neath the glo-rious ban-ner of our King, In the

march away 'Neath the glo - rious ban - ner of our King,

home of rest that awaits the blest By and by the vic-t'ry we shall sing.

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No. 50. SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED.

Arr. by C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Since I've been re-deemed, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, Since I've been re-deemed, It
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, Since I've been re-deemed, I

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Since I've been re-deemed; It
brings the Lord be - fore me, Since I've been re-deemed; More
hear it ech-oed o'er me, Since I've been re-deemed; And

is a sto - ry ev - er new, O let me tell it now to you! 'Tis
deep and wonderful it seems Than all my wealth of golden dreams; Each
when with yonder shining throng, I join to sing the new, new song, 'Twill

sweet be-cause I know 'tis true, Since I've been re-deemed.
word a gem of beau - ty seems, Since I've been re-deemed.
be the theme I've loved so long, Since I've been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

Christ is dear-er, dear - er, The way is grow-ing clear-er, And

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Since I Have Been Redeemed.

heav'n is com-ing near - er, Since I have been re-deemed.

No. 51. BRING THANKSGIVING.

G. M. DODGE. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Lift up the heart and soul in loft - y praise. With thanks-giv-ing and the
2. Let joy and gladness ev - er dwell there-in, With thanks-giv-ing and the
3. Our dai - ly life His ten-der care displays; Bring thanks-giv-ing and the
4. In heav'nly courts His praise we will prolong; Bring thanks-giv-ing and the

voice of mel-o - dy! Ex - alt the Lord, extol His words and ways, With thanks-
voice of mel-o - dy! Our God redeems us from the curse of sin; Bring thanks-
voice of mel-o - dy! He guards, directs, and keeps us all our days; Bring thanks-
voice of mel-o - dy! His love and grace demand an endless song; Bring thanks-

D. S.—Unto our Lord let all with one accord Bring thanks-

FINE. CHORUS.

giving and the voice of mel-o-dy! Bring thanksgiving and the voice of

Bring the

giving and the voice of mel-o - dy!

D. S.

mel-o - dy! Bring thanksgiving and the voice of mel-o - dy!

voice of mel-o - dy! Bring the voice of mel-o - dy!

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No. 52. GLORY HALLELUJAH.

HARRIET E. JONES. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. To save the world the Sav-ior came, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! Yes,
2. He came to call the wand'rers in, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! By
3. Come, brother, come and join our song, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! We're

all may live thro' His dear name, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! He
love di-vine the lost to win, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! The
bound for home; come, go a - long, Glo - ry hal - le-lu - jah! Your

came to cleanse the guilt-y soul, He came to make the wounded whole, And
might-y Lord to save is He, The chief of sin-ners His may be; All,
ev - 'ry sin to Je-sus bring; So rich in mer - cy is our King He'll

:S: FINE.

ev - er more hold sweet con-trol, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
all may come, yes, e - ven me; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
par-don all, and you may sing "Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!"

D. S.—all the world His love pro-claim, "Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!"

CHORUS. D. S.

O glo-ry, glo - ry to His name, To earth for me the Savior came. Let

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No. 53. VICTORY.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. On-ward, the foe to meet, fear-less we go; Je - sus, our Captain,
2. Clad in the armor bright, God doth provide Breastplate and helmet
3. See, see the mighty host strong on the field! Shout for the Lord shall

leads the way! Strong is His mighty arm, faith-ful and true, Trusting in
shield and sword, Bravely we face the foe, bold-ly we cry—Vic-t'ry is
make us free! Let our ho-san-nas ring loud-ly and long, To Him who

CHORUS.

Him we'll win the day. Then we'll march on to vic-to - ry, march, a
ours thro' Christ the Lord!
gives the vic - to - ry.

hap-py throng; March on to vic-to-ry, valiant, brave and strong! Hark! hark! the

bat-tle cry sounds above our song—Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! vic - to - ry!

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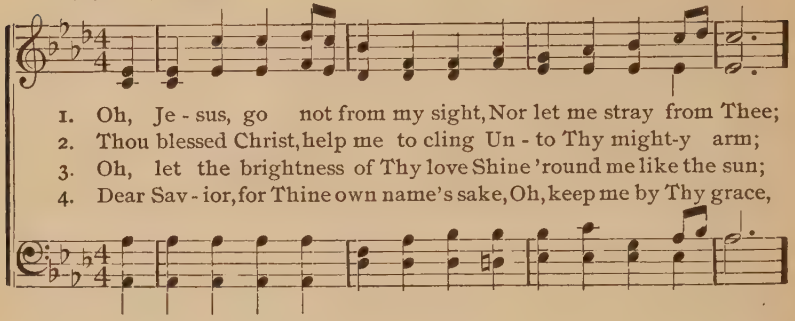
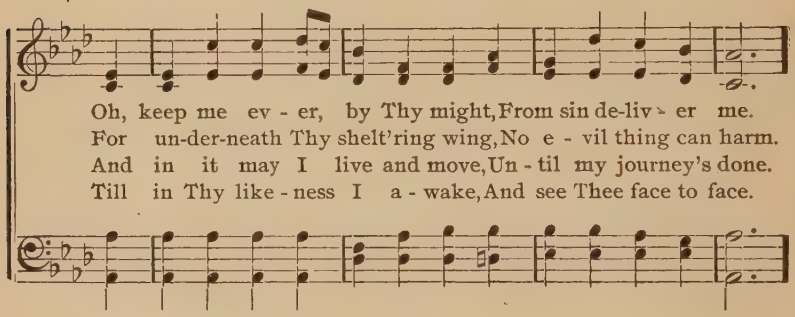
No. 54. CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. Rev. I. N. McHOSE.

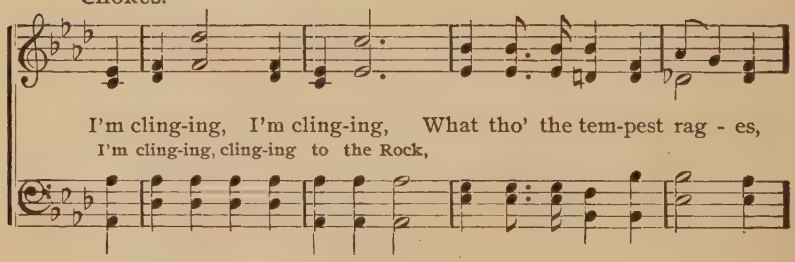


1. Oh, Je - sus, go not from my sight, Nor let me stray from Thee;
2. Thou blessed Christ, help me to cling Un - to Thy might-y arm;
3. Oh, let the brightness of Thy love Shine 'round me like the sun;
4. Dear Sav - ior, for Thine own name's sake, Oh, keep me by Thy grace,

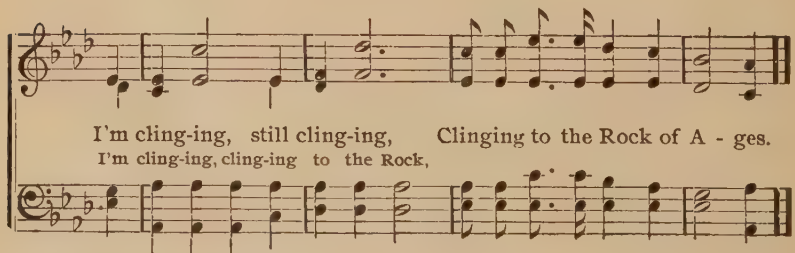


Oh, keep me ev - er, by Thy might, From sin de-liv - er me.
For un-der-neath Thy shelt'ring wing, No e - vil thing can harm.
And in it may I live and move, Un - til my journey's done.
Till in Thy like - ness I a - wake, And see Thee face to face.

CHORUS.



I'm cling-ing, I'm cling-ing, What tho' the tem-pest rag - es,
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock,



I'm cling-ing, still cling-ing, Clinging to the Rock of A - ges.
I'm cling-ing, cling-ing to the Rock,

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No. 55. ALL WILL BE RIGHT.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Look-ing to Je - sus, how can we stray? Has He not promised to guide us al - way? Tho' foes as - sail us, strong in His might,
2. Clouds may obscure the light of His face, Still we'll go forward and trust in His grace; Walk-ing by faith, e'en dark-ness is light;
3. Firm as the Christ-rock, safe ev - er-more, Death's sullen wa- ters a- bout us may roar, Heav'n's day is dawn - ing—fare-well the night;

CHORUS.

Je - sus is reign - ing, all will be right. All will be right, yes, all will be right, Kept by the Master, all will be right; Tho' foes assail, naught shall pre - vail, Je - sus is reign-ing, all will be right.

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No. 56. THE BLESSED STORY.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hap - py voi - ces sing prais - es to the King, To the
2. See in Gal - i - lee, on the deep blue sea, How the
3. "Come and fol - low me; my dis - ci - ples be;" Are we

King who reigns a-bove; Ev-er sweet and clear comes the song so dear,
storm is hushed at will; How the wind obeyed, and the waves were stayed
read - y to o - bey? Thro' Geth-sem-a - ne, o - ver Cal - va - ry,

Telling of a Savior's wondrous love; How He left His crown, and for
At the bid-ding of His words "be still." How the blind, and lame, and the
Will we fol-low meek-ly all the way? Tho' for sin-ners slain, Je-sus

:S:

us came down, Life e - ter - nal to un - fold; 'Tis a bless-ed
lep - ers came, Nor did mer - cy He with - hold, 'Tis a bless-ed
lives a - gain, And He guards the gates of gold; 'Tis a bless-ed

FINE.

sto-ry, full of deathless glory, Growing sweeter ev-'ry time 'tis told.

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The Blessed Story.

CHORUS. D. S.

Sing the sto - ry full of glo - ry, That nev-er groweth old;
Sing the bless-ed sto-ry, full of death-less glo-ry,

No. 57. CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. NEAL A. McAULAY. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. I am cling-ing to the cross; Let me feel its ever-cleansing pow'r;
2. I am lean - ing on my Lord, I can feel His presence in my soul;
3. I am trust- ing in His love, What a sweet communion I en - joy!
4. I am work-ing till the day When my toil and sor-row shall be o'er.

I am counting all but dross, For the blood that saves me ev-'ry hour.
'Tis so sweet to trust His word, For His grace doth make my spirit whole.
He a-noints me from a - bove, And my peace no e - vil can de-stroy.
And He calls my soul a - way To my rest in glo - ry ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Clinging to the cross of my Re-deem-er, Trusting in the cleansing wave,

Resting on the ev-er-last-ing mer-cy That a lone my soul can save.

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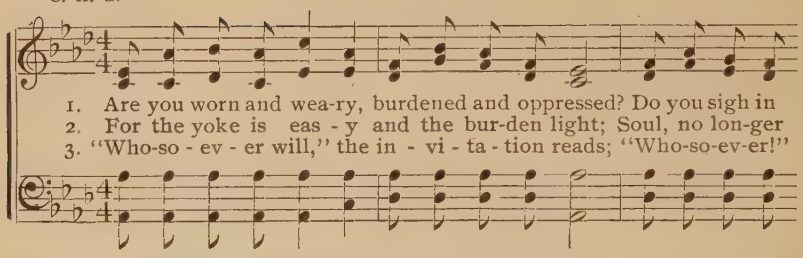
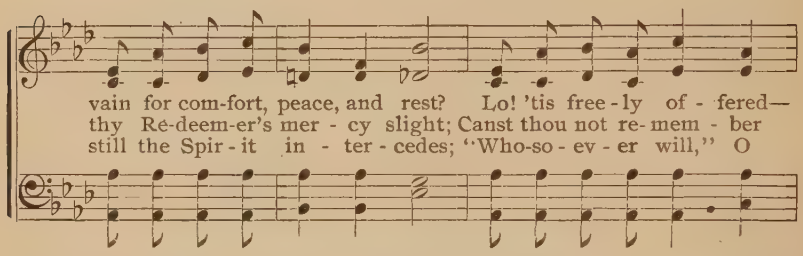
No. 58. THE INVITATION.

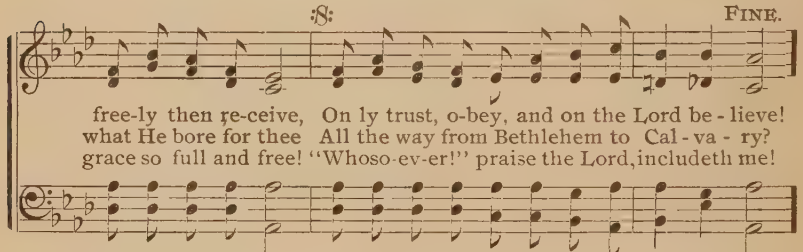
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Are you worn and wea-ry, burdened and oppressed? Do you sigh in
2. For the yoke is eas - y and the bur-den light; Soul, no lon-ger
3. "Who-so - ev - er will," the in - vi - ta - tion reads; "Who-so-ev-er!"



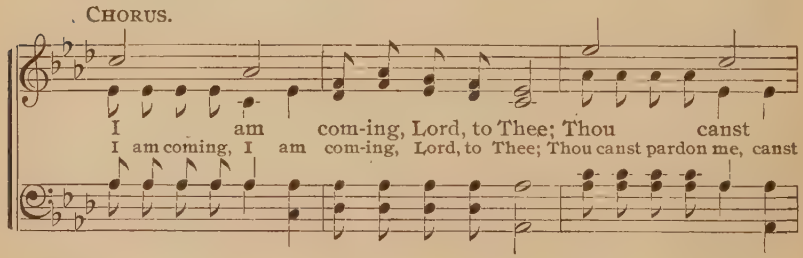
vain for com-fort, peace, and rest? Lo! 'tis free - ly of - fered—
thy Re-deem-er's mer - cy slight; Canst thou not re-mem - ber
still the Spir - it in - ter - cedes; "Who-so - ev - er will," O



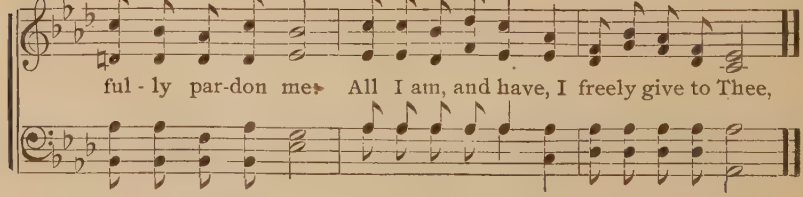
free-ly then re-ceive, On ly trust, o-bey, and on the Lord be - lieve!
what He bore for thee All the way from Bethlehem to Cal - va - ry?
grace so full and free! "Whoso-ev-er!" praise the Lord, includeth me!

D. S.—Knowing Thou hast mercy, grace, and love for me.

CHORUS.



I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee; Thou canst
I am coming, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee; Thou canst pardon me, canst



ful - ly par-don me. All I am, and have, I freely give to Thee,

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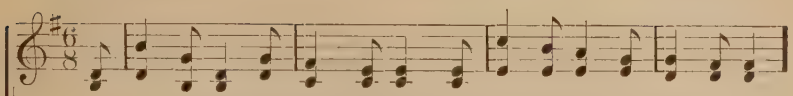
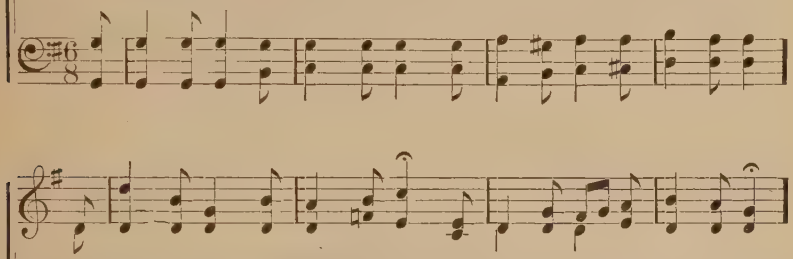
No. 59. THE UNSEEN LAND.

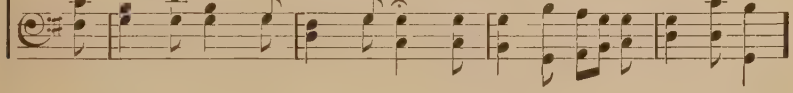
GURDON ROBINS. C. D. AUSTUTZ.



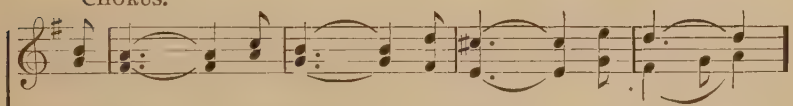
1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vis-ions of en-raptured tho't,
2. A land upon whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, fall no stain;
3. There weeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross that calm se-rene a-bode;



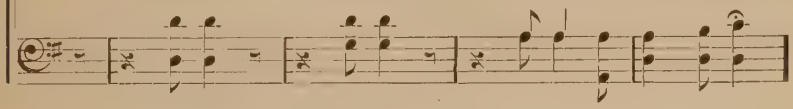
So bright that all which spreads be-tween Is with its radiant glory fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a-gain.
The wand'rer there a home may find, With-in the par-a-dise of God.

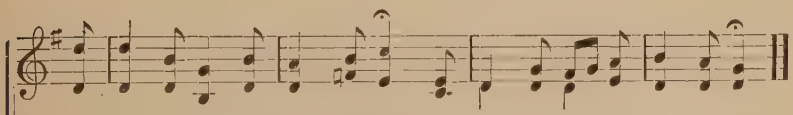


CHORUS.

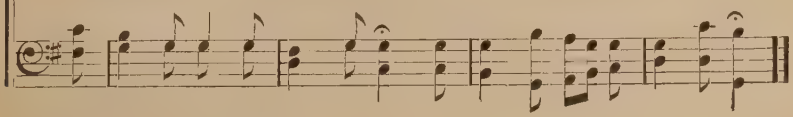


For thee, dear land, my spir - - it cries!
For thee, dear land, for thee my spir - it cries!





Thy skies are not like earth-ly skies, Thou hast no need of suns to rise.



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No. 60. SINGING FOR JESUS.

Rev. Wm. Appel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sing-ing for Je-sus, O bless-ed em-ploy-ment, Spreading His won-
2. Sing-ing for Je-sus, in glad ad-o-ra-tion, Tell-ing His mar-
3. Sing-ing for Je-sus, in meas-ures of beau-ty, Bless-ing the Sav-

der-ful fame; Sing-ing for Je-sus, O ho-ly en-joy-ment,
vel-ous love; Sing-ing for Je-sus in high ex-ult-a-tion,
ior in song; Sing-ing for Je-sus, O heav en-ly du-ty,

Chorus.

Praising His wor-ship-ful name.
Sing-ing for Je-sus a-bove. Sing, O sing, let your hosannas in
Glad-ly His praise we pro-long.

har-mo-ny ring; Praise His name, praise His ho-ly name, Sing, O sing,

Let your hosannas in harmony ring, Sing of the blessed, blessed Jesus.

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No. 61. FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. A fount-ain of life is o-pened wide; It flows, to
2. Its wa-ters a-bund-ant are, and pure! For sin and
3. Its wa-ters you free-ly may re-ceive, If you will

sin-ners, a cleans-ing tide; Its wa-ters are free, it
sor-row a per-fect cure; The lame and the. blind may
on-ly on Christ be-lieve; O broth-er, I pray you

flows for me, And I may drink and be sat-is-fied.
heal-ing find, And who-so drink-eth shall thirst no more.
come to-day, And take the wa-ter that Christ will give.

Chorus.

Oh! that fount-ain flow-ing free, Burst-ing forth from Cal-va-ry,

Where the guilt-y soul may flee, And drink of the cleans-ing tide

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No. 62. SOME DAY I'LL BE THERE.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In that land of joy and song, 'Mid that joyous blood-washed throng, I'll be
2. Saved from ev-'ry taint of sin, Pure without and pure within, I'll be
3. With the loved, redeemed and blest, With the saints, once sore op-pressed, I'll be
4. With the throng be-fore the throne Praising Him the Three in One, I'll be

there, some happy day I'll be there! Vic-t'ry won by Jesus' grace: Ever-
there, some happy day I'll be there! Nobler than my pres-ent tho't, Stronger
there, some happy day I'll be there! In companionship so sweet, 'Mid love's
there, some happy day I'll be there! Leaving all that's gone before, Satis-

D. S.—Thro' earth's trials, pain and woe, Tho' my

FINE.

more to sing His praise; Praise His name, some happy day I'll be there!
for each bat-tle fought; Praise His name, some happy day I'll be there!
raptures, pure, complete. Praise His name, some happy day I'll be there!
fied to love, a-dore; Praise His name, some happy day I'll be there!

path may lead be-low, Praise His name, some happy day I'll be there!

CHORUS.

I'll be there some hap-py day, I'll be there some hap-py day!

D. S.

In that land of song and glad-ness, I'll be there!

I'll be there!

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No. 63. SAVED IN THE BLOOD.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am saved in the blood of the dear Lamb of God, Who suf-fered my
2. I am free from my sin by the cru - ci - fied One, He paid all my
3. O the bless-ing that flows from His par-don di-vine, What peace and re-

soul to re - deem. Now sweet-ly I'm rest - ing at peace in His love,
ran-some for me, And at His right hand I shall praise Him on high,
joic - ing un - fold; I'll cast all my needs at His dear bless-ed feet,

CHORUS.

And find my sweet com-fort in Him. Saved in the
His face in His glo - ry I'll see.
In glo - ry His face I'll be - hold. Saved in the blood, I'm

blood, I'm saved in the blood of my Redeemer, All glo- ry to Je-
saved in the blood,

sus, my par-don is sure, For I'm saved in the blood of my Re-deem - er.

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No. 64. JESUS REIGNS.

E. E. Hewitt. Chester G. Allen.

1. Je - sus reigns forever, mighty Vic-tor still; Tempest, wave and sunshine
2. Je - sus reigns forever, blessed Prince of Peace; Thro' the world's dominions
3. Je - sus reigns forever on His heav'nly throne; Yield Him glad allegiance,

shall His word fulfill; Pardon and sal-va-tion, Joy and con-sol-a-tion,
may His word increase; By His grace unfailing, O - ver sin prevailing,
serv-ing Him a - lone; When the finished sto-ry Shall record His glo-ry,

Chorus.

Bless the hap-py peo - ple who o - bey His will.
Won-der-ful His kingdom, nev-er-more to cease.
We shall sing His mercy, and His goodness own.
} Jesus reigns, our mighty

King for-ev - er! Jesus reigns! transcendent is His love. Let our praises,

blending, Join the song unending, Swell the hallelujahs of the world a-bove.

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No. 65. RICHES UNTOLD.

EMMA PITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Rich - es un - told we may find at the throne, Pardon and peace we can
2. Rich - es un - told—they are priceless, di-vine, Pur- er than gold from the
3- Rich - es un - told now a - wait us a - bove, Kept for us there in the

claim as our own; Ref - uge and rest we ob - tain there a - lone
world's greatest mine; Bright-er than sun-light our spir - its shall shine,
store - house of love, End - less, in - fi - nite, the meas-ure will prove,

CHORUS.

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. Sit-ting at the feet of
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus.
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus. at the

Je - - sus, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - - sus,
bless-ed feet of Je - sus, at the blessed feet of Je - sus,

Rich-es un-told, exhaustless are mine, Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus.

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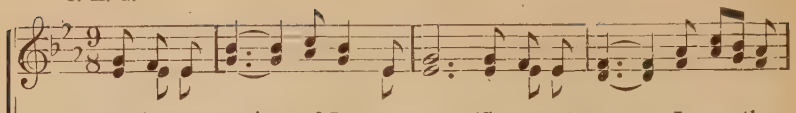
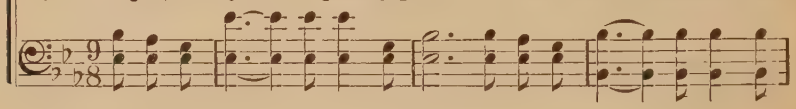
No 66. ONLY A STEP.

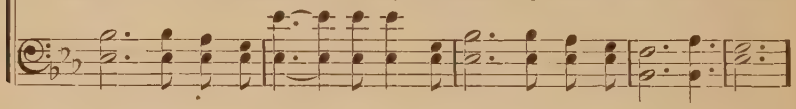
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



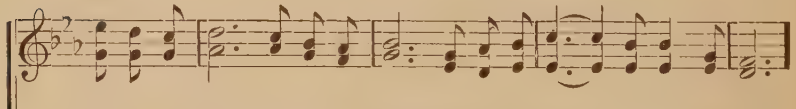
1. Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus say—"Come unto me, I am the
2. On - ly the will to say, "I'll go! Down at His feet my sins I'll
3. Cast - ing your heav - y bur - den down Low at the cross, the world may
4. O - pen for you the pearl-y gate; Lov'd ones for you now watch and



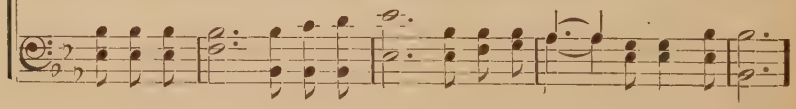
way!" Hearken, the lov - ing call o - bey, Come, for He loves you so.
throw: Leav-ing the world of sin and woe, Je - sus, I come to Thee."
frown; Yet you shall wear a glorious crown, When He makes up His own.
wait; Ter - ri - ble tho't, to cry, too late—"Je-sus, I come to Thee."



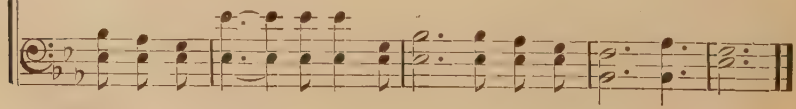
CHORUS.



On-ly a step, on-ly a step, Come, for He bled for you and died;



He's the same lov - ing Sav-ior yet, Je-sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



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No. 67. THE VICTORY.

J. L. JOHN LANE

1. If you have lost in the bat - tle of life, Do you want the vic - to - ry? If sin has you un - der in the strife,
2. Let go your sin and the Sav - ior own, If you want the vic - to - ry? The en - e - my will be o-ver-thrown,
3. From sin and fear you will then be freed, When you get the vic - to - ry; The Lord will sup-ply your ev - 'ry need,
4. A robe and crown, and a vic - tor's palm, When you get the vic - to - ry; And af - ter the storm a peaceful calm,—

CHORUS.

Do you want the vic - to - ry? The vic - to - ry! the vic - to - ry! Do you want the vic - to - ry? Just look to the Lord, and trust His word, And you'll get the vic - to - ry.
And you'll get the vic - to - ry!
When you get the vic - to - ry.
When you get the vic - to - ry.

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No. 68. MY HEAVENLY HOME.

WM. HUNTER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, No sin or death can en-ter there;
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a bove the star-ry sky;
3. Let oth - ers seek a home be-low, Which flames de-vour and waves o'er-flow;
4. Then fail the earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine,

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'n-ly mansion shall be mine.
When from this earthly prison free, That heav'n-ly mansion mine shall be.
Be mine the happier lot to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.
All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'n-ly mansion stands for me.

CHORUS.

Hap - py home where Je - sus reigns, Where
Hap - py, hap - py home where Je - sus reigns su-preme, Where

sor-row nev - er entrance gains, Where not a cloud shall
sor - row nev-er, nev-er entrance gains, Where not a cloud shall come, shall

ev - er come, My bright, e - ter - - nal home.
ev - er come, My bright, e - ter - nal home.

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No. 69. RESTING ON GOD'S PROMISES.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, And plunge be-neath the wave
2. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, He is my strength and shield;
3. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, To keep me day by day;
4. I rest up - on God's prom-is-es, His blood a - vails for me!

That flows a nev-er ceas-ing flood, The dy - ing soul to save.
And all my be-ing's ransom'd pow'rs To His con-trol I yield.
And tho' all earth should fail, His word Shall nev-er pass a - way.
He sweet-ly saves me for to-day, And for e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing on the prom-is - es of God, ... I have the prom-is-es of God,

full re-demp-tion thro' His precious blood; I am His and He is mine!

O the rapture is di-vine! I am resting on the promises of God.

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No. 70. HE LOVES THEM.

JOHN KING. MRS. M. E. BLISS WILLSON.

1. When His sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love to chil-dren still,
3. For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re - deem-er's praise,

The chil-dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name;
Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's ho - ly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham-ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.

Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be - fore His throne,
But, shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
No! while our hearts are ten - der, They too, shall be the Lord's.

CHORUS.

Our Savior hath said that He loves them, He loves them, He loves them! These

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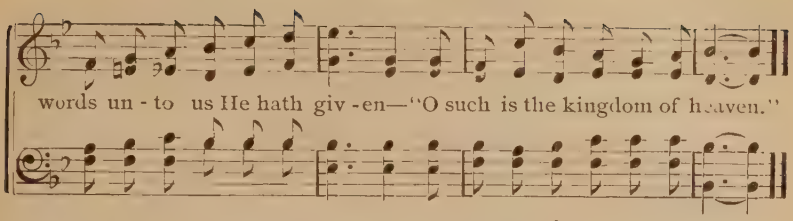
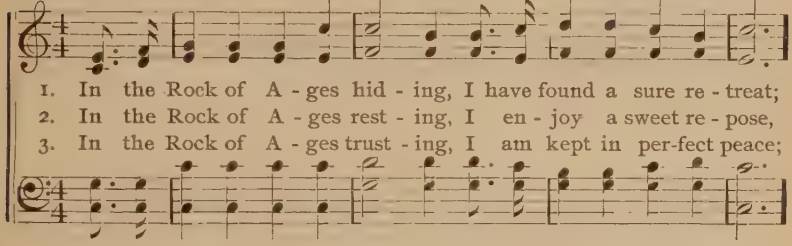
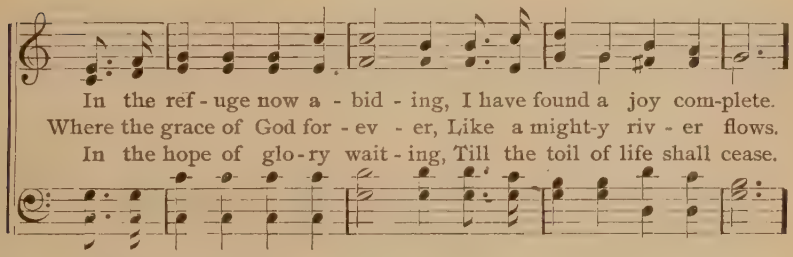
He Loves Them.



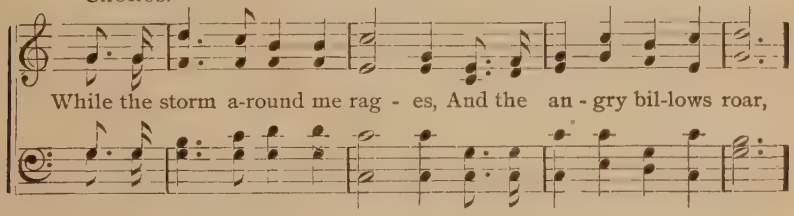
No. 71. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

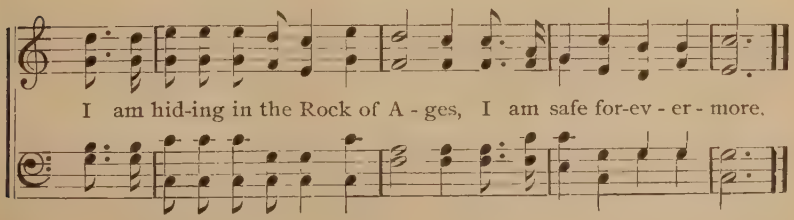
Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel.





Chorus.





No. 72. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel

Duet for Tenor and Alto.

1. "Let not your heart be troub-led," Oh, words of com-fort sweet! We bow, O bless-ed Sav-ior, A - dor-ing at Thy feet; Thy cheering words so ten - der, Our hearts would gladly heed; Our will-ing feet would fol - low Where'er our Lord shall lead.

2. "Let not your heart be troub-led," Tho' dark the way may be; Cast all thy care up-on Him, And He will care for thee. His wisdom still will guide thee, His lov - ing hand up - hold; His mer - cy keep thee ev - er, Safe, safe with-in His fold.

3. "Let not your heart be troub-led," For to His glorious home—The place He is pre par-ing, His own at last shall come. Oh, teach us, lov-ing Sav - ior, To walk the nar-row way; And all a - long the journey, Still may we hear Thee say:

Chorus.

Let not your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubled, As ye be-lieve in the Fa-ther, Be -

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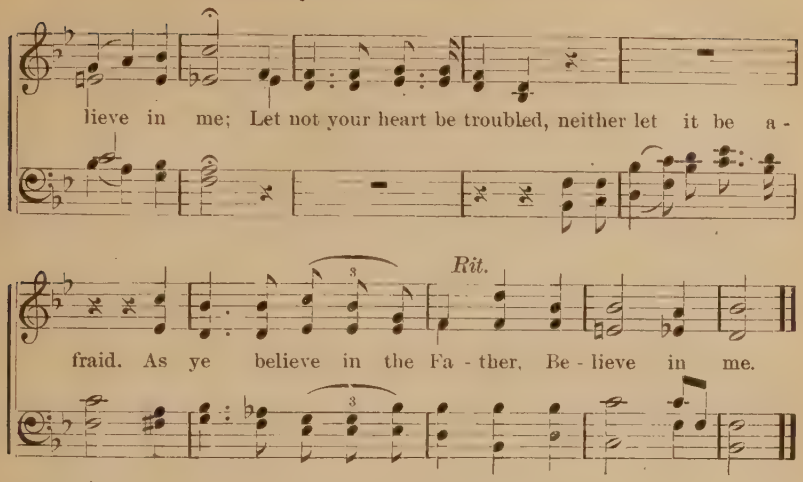
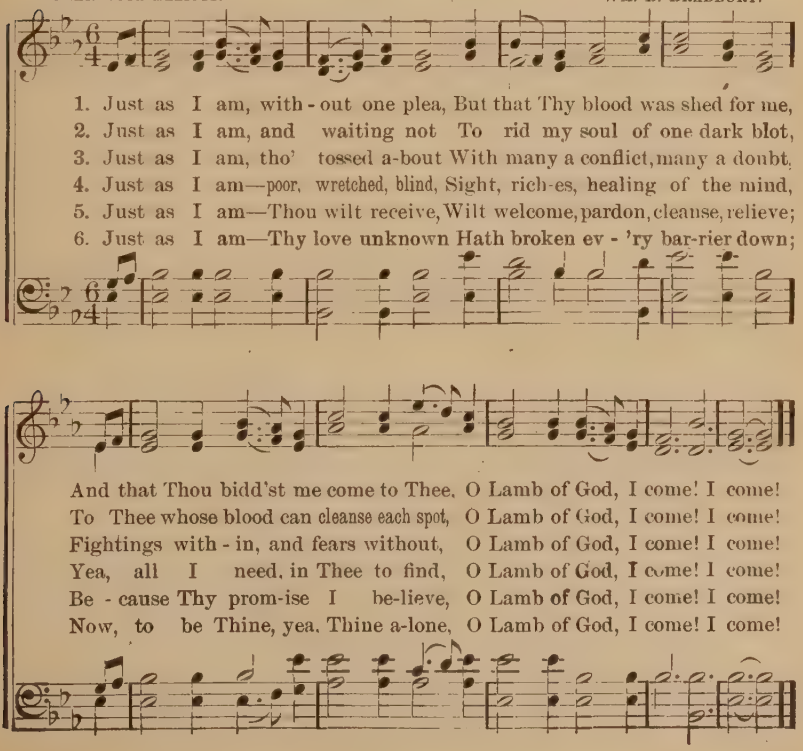
Let Not your Heart be Troubled.



No. 73. JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 74. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MARGARET MACKAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Slowly.

1. A-sleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,.... From which none ev - er wake to
2. A-sleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet.... To be for such.... a slum-ber
3. A-sleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,..... Whose waking is..... supremely
4. A-sleep in Jesus! oh, for me..... May such a bliss - ful ref-uge

blessed sleep,

weep! A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by.... .. the last of foes.
meet! With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death hath lost his venom'd sting.
blest! No fear, no foe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Savior's pow'r.
be! Se-cure-ly shall my ashes lie, Waiting the sum - mons from on high.

REFRAIN.

A - sleep,..... bless-ed sleep;..... a -
A - sleep in Je - sus, a - sleep in Je - sus;

sleep, A - sleep,..... a - sleep in Je-sus, blessed
a-sleep in Je-sus, bless-ed sleep;

sleep,..... a - sleep, a - sleep.....
a - sleep in Je - sus, a-sleep in Je-sus, in Je - sus.

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No. 75. HE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

B. H. BEN HAINS.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's all the world to me, So tender, so loving, More than I dreamed could be. He brought me out of darkness In - to His glorious light; My soul is grateful to Him - I'll serve Him with my might.

2. He fills my heart with gladness, And makes my tongue to sing; 'Tis rapture, 'tis glo-ry, To live for such a King! The world is brighter round me. His sunshine richer glows, Since Christ, my Lord, has found me, And with me ev - er goes.

3. O lis - ten! hear Him call - ing: "My life for thee I gave, In sor-row, in anguish, Thy wayward soul to save." O quick-ly an-swer to Him: "Lord, save a sin - ful soul; Thy love has won me to Thee, For-give, and make me whole."

CHORUS.

He's all the world to me, He's all the world to me; O praise His name for - ev - er, He's all the world to me.

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No. 76. WAITING FOR YOU.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. C. D. Emerson.

1. Does the thought ever come to you, brother, As you pause for a
2. Per - chance for the words you might utter, Some sad ear is
3. Oh, time pass - es swift - ly, my broth-er, And brief, at the

while by the way, And long 'mid the cool wav-ing shadows, By the
list - 'ning in vain; Or the help you could of - fer might res-cue Some
best, is your day; The work God appoints you is wait-ing,—Some

clear flow-ing wa-ters to stray,—That see-ing you, oth - ers may
soul from its an-guish and pain. You know not what lives may be
doom may be sealed by de - lay. Then bit - ter in-deed were your

lin - ger In the journey their feet would pur - sue, And while
bright-er, If you are but faith-ful and true, Nor how
sor - row, The deep-est your soul ev - er knew, If but

thus you are wait-ing, it may be That some one is waiting for you?
much you may do for the Master. Thro' those who who are waiting for you.
one should be left out of heav-en, Be-cause he was waiting for you!

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Waiting for You.

CHORUS.

Oh, du - ty is call-ing you, broth-er,..... Then stead fast, cour-
call - ing you, brother,

a - geous, and true,..... Go forth at the call, and re -
cour - a-geous and true,

mem - ber,..... Some one may be wait-ing for you.....
re - mem-ber, be waiting for you.

No. 77. MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

GEORGE HEATH. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im-plore.
The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.

No. 78. ANSWER THE CALL.

ERNEST G. WELLESLEY-WESLEY. H. A. HENRY.

1. Man - y the hearts who of er - ror are wea - ry, Look-ing for
2. Go to all na - tions: no lon-ger de-lay - ing; Go with His
3. Go, in the name of the Sav - ior con-fid - ing, Who for the
4. Har-vest draws near! hath the Mas-ter not told us? Haste, O ye

Him who is wait - ing to save; Man - y the lost ones in
mes - sage of love and of light. Go, for the sys - tems of
sin - ner once suf - fered and died. Death can - not harm who, in
reap - ers, the fields now are white. Fear not! His love and His

wil - der-ness drear-y, Many who, Christless, now haste to the grave.
er - ror de - cay - ing Her-ald the pass-ing of er - ror and night.
Je - sus a - bid - ing, Ref-uge their souls in the cleft of His side.
pow'r now en - fold us, Strong is the Christian in Je - sus' own might.

CHORUS.

Bear to the lands that in bond - age are ly - ing, Ti - dings of

Je - sus, the Sav - ior of all; Speed with the gos - pel, on

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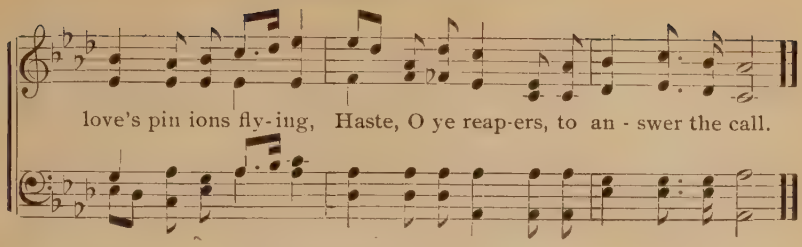
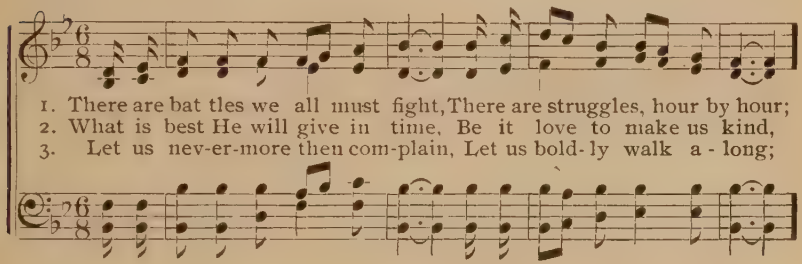
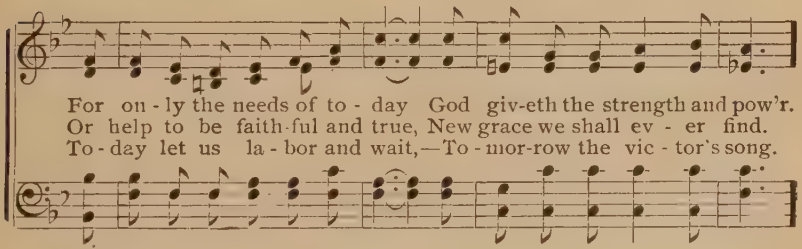
Answer the Call.



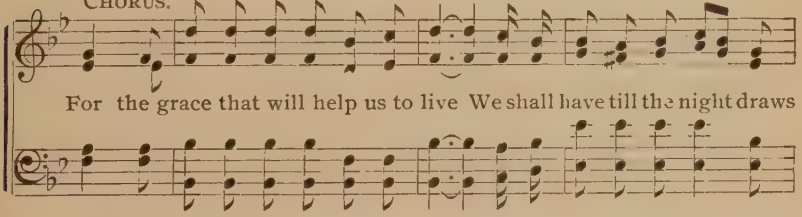
No. 79. GRACE FOR GRACE.

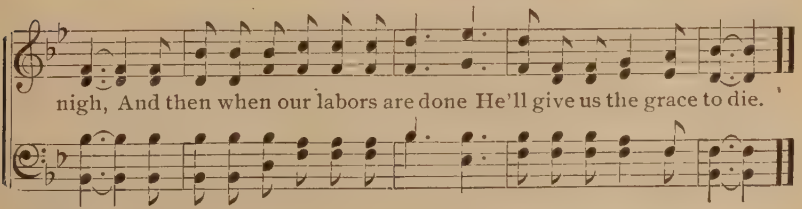
LIZZIE DE ARMOND. O. WILLIAMS.





CHORUS.





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No. 80. LIVING IN THE SUNSHINE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. S. S. MYRES.

1. I am liv-ing in the sun-shine Of my Sav-ior's blessed face,
2. Day by day He walks be-side me, Fills my heart with peace untold,
3. Each temptation, ev-'ry tri-al Take I to His feet in prayer,
4. Bless-ed Je-sus, walk be-side me, Guide my foot-steps day by day;

And He fills my hap-py spir-it With the rich-ness of His grace.
Sheds a radiance o'er my pathway, From the shining streets of gold.
And the sweetness of His presence Gilds with light each earthly care.
Lead me thro' life's wea-ry jour-ney, To the realms of end-less day.

CHORUS.

I am liv-ing in the sunshine, living in the sun-shine, Blessed sun-shine of His face, Walking daily in His foot-steps, Fully trusting Him for grace.

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No. 81. CLINGING TO THEE.

JAMES ROWE. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. Great is the might of the tempter to-day! Man-y weak and un-
2. Doubt draweth man-y a-way from Thy side, But to cast them a-
3. Strengthen, en cour-age, up-hold me each day, That my faith nev-er

wa-ry he's leading astray; But, dear Redeemer, my soul still can say,
drift on sin's tur-bu-lent tide; But, blessed Comforter, Sav-ior and Guide,
wa-ver, my soul never stray! O may I ev-er be a-ble to say,

CHORUS.

I am clinging, still clinging to Thee. I am clinging to Thee, blessed

Rit.

Sav-ior, In vain sin's allurements for me;..... Tho' tempted and
for me;

tried, still with Thee I a-bide, I am clinging, still clinging to Thee.

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No. 82. JESUS WILL BE YOURS.

Rev. E. A Hoffman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If you come to Je - sus, trust His love and grace; If you read the Bi - ble, and the truth em - brace, You will find your spir - it thrill with peace di-vine—Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.
2. He will be your Sav - ior, He will be your friend, Be your guide and help - er—from the foe de - fend; And the Ho - ly Spir - it will your soul re - fine— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.
3. None so weak and sin - ful but He will for - give, None so full of sor - row but He will re - lieve; And if you un- to Him all your heart re-sign— Je - sus will be yours as He is mine.

Chorus.

Trust Him then, my brother, O trust Him, Trust the Lord di-vine;
Trust Him, then, my brother, O trust Him, And He will be yours as He is mine.

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No. 83. DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

THOMAS HAWES — Rev. J. S. NORRIS.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my eyes to Thee;
2. If, for Thy sake, up-on my name Re-proach and shame shall be,
3. When worn with pain, disease and grief This fee-ble bod - y see,
4. When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait Thy just de - cree,

In all my conflicts, all my woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
I'll hail re-proach and welcome shame, If Thou re-mem-ber me.
Grant pa-tience, rest, and kind relief; Hear and re-mem-ber me.
Sav - ior, with my last parting breath I'll cry, "Re-mem-ber me."

CHORUS.

Dear Lord, ... re - mem-ber me, ... Dear
Dear Lord, dear Lord, re - mem - ber me,

Lord, ... re - mem - ber me; . . . . . In
Dear Lord, dear Lord, re - mem - ber me;

all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

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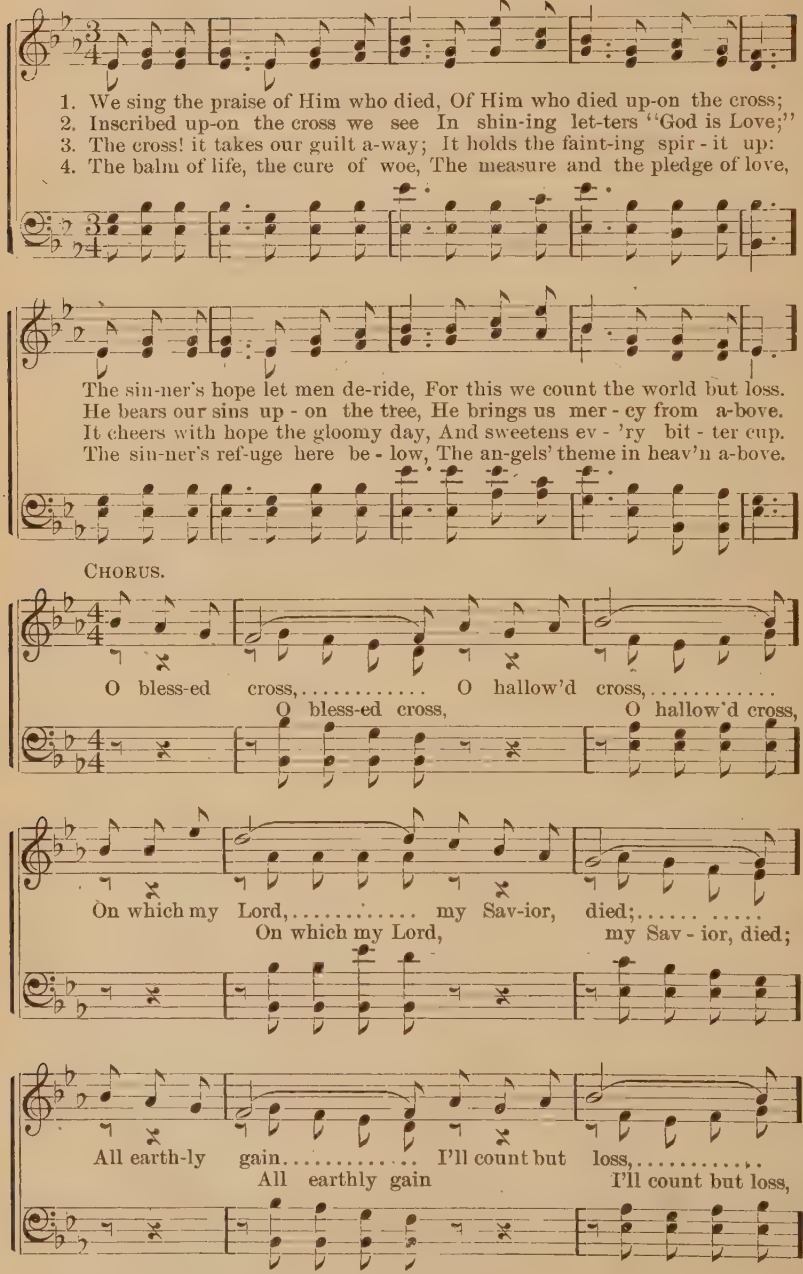
No. 84. THE SHELTERING CROSS.

THOMAS KELLY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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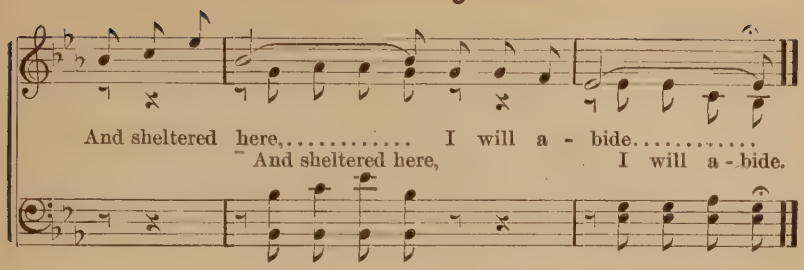
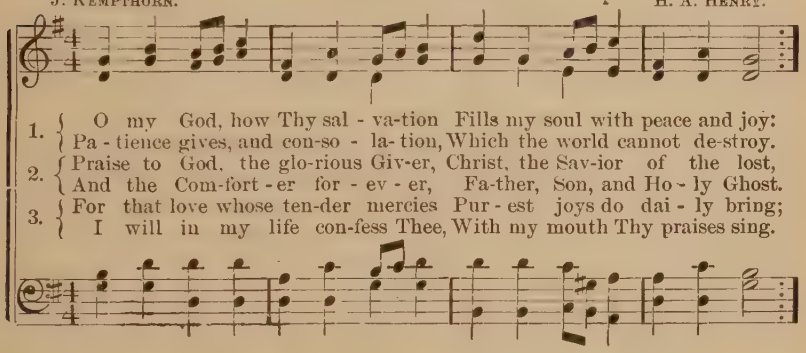
The Sheltering Cross.

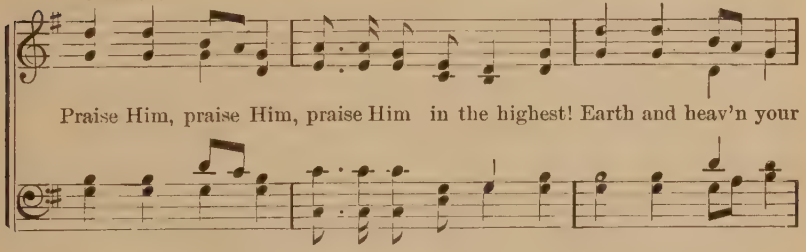


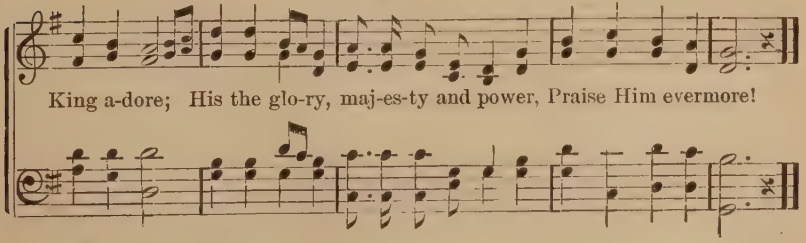
No. 85. PRAISE HIM.

J. KEMPTHORN. H. A. HENRY.



CHORUS.





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No. 86. TOIL ON.

ADA BLENKHORN. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Toil on, toil on, nor wea - ry grow, ... Strength for to-
2. Tho' tem-pests o'er thy path-way sweep, ... With watchful
3. O ye who o'er the err - ing weep, ... Who sow in

Strength for to - day He
With watchful care Thy
Who sow in tears, with

day He will be - stow; At ev - en-tide thou shalt re -
care thy vig - ils keep, And la - bor on till close of
tears, with joy shall reap; O bliss supreme! at set of

will be - stow, He will be - stow;
vig - ils keep, thy vig - ils keep;
joy shall reap, with joy shall reap;

joice . . . . . To hear the Mas - ter's lov - ing voice:—
day, ... Then shalt thou hear the Mas - ter say:—
sun, ... To hear the Mas - ter say: "Well done."

To hear the bless - - ed Mas - ter's lov - ing voice:—
Then shalt thou hear the bless - ed Mas - ter say:—
To hear the Mas - ter say:—"Well done, well done."

CHORUS.

"Come to me, beloved child. . . . . The vict'ry's won, the cross lay
"Come to me, oh, come, be-lov - ed child, The vic-t'ry's won, The cross lay

down; 'Tis thine, 'tis thine, the victor's crown! Well done, my child, well done."
down, lay down; Tis thine, the crown, 'tis thine, the victor's crown!

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No. 87. JESUS SAVES ME.

E. S. L. E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found a peace a - bid - ing Earth can nev - er take a-way,
Rock se - cure - ly hid - ing, Fear with me can nev-er stay;
2. I have found a love ex - ceed - ing All that earth has ev-er known,
those who heed its plead-ing Is its wondrous sweetness shown;
3. I have found a hope that's shedding Light that brings a sweet surprise,
tent, tho' clouds o'erspreading Hide the fu-ture from my eyes;
4. Yes, it is a full sal - va - tion, Of-fered now to each and all,
lov - ing ad - o - ra - tion Sound I forth the Gos-pel call;

1 2

Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me! In that saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me! Un-to saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me! I'm con- saves me, Je - sus saves me!
Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me! And in saves me, Je - sus saves me!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me! How can I but love Him? Je - sus saves me! How
Je - sus saves, saves me! Je - sus saves, saves me!

can I but love Him? Je - sus saves me, is my cry While I

live and when I die! Je - sus saves me! How can I but love Him?
Je - sus saves, saves me!

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No. 88. LET US PRAISE HIM.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Let us drop a word for Je - sus, as a liv-ing seed, That shall
2. Can we not speak well of Je - sus, as His work we do, Since to
3. Sav-ior, help us all to praise Thee; Help us tell to - day That the

spring and grow and blossom for an - oth-er's need; Let us greet life's
ev - 'ry gold-en promise we have proved Him true? Has He not been
pre-cious blood of Cal-v'ry takes our sins a - way; That we find a

sun - ny morn-ing with a song of praise, Let His bless-ing be our
al - ways faith-ful in the try - ing hour? Yes, His help has been as
balm for sor - row in Thy ten - der love, And look for-ward to a

CHORUS.

comfort on the cloud-y days. Let us praise Him, sweetly praise Him,
bounless as His saving power.
mansion in the land a - bove. Let us praise Him, sweetly praise Him, as the days go by.

Let us join the hallelujahs of the world on high; Let us praise Him,
Let us praise Him, sweetly praise Him,

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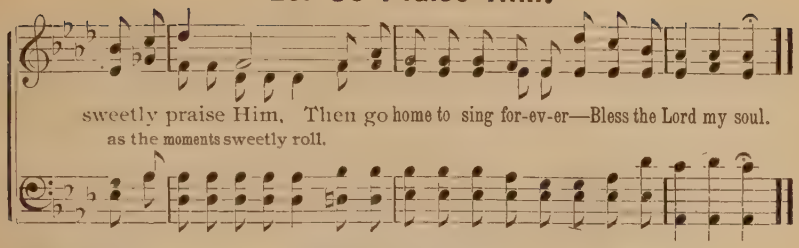
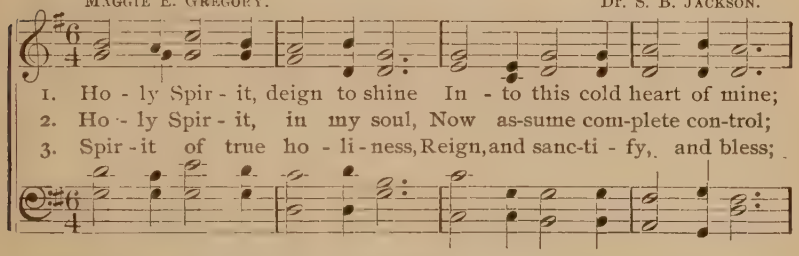
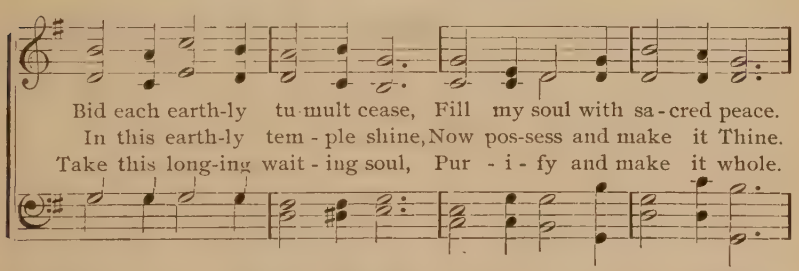
Let Us Praise Him.

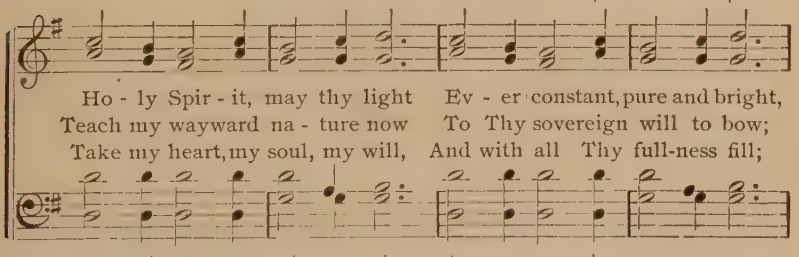


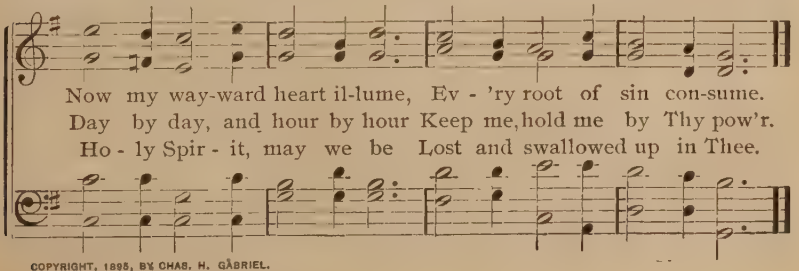
No. 89. HOLY SPIRIT.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. DR. S. B. JACKSON.









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No. 90. THE ARMIES OF GOD.

C. D. EMERSON. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. O christian, gird the ar - mor on, And press the fight with sin!
Go forth a-gainst the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win;
2. O christian, gird the ar - mor on, And hast - en to the field;
A - gainst the pow'rs of darkness go, De-ter-mined not to yield!
3. O christian, gird the ar - mor on, The world is watching thee;
With pray'r and sup-pli-ca-tion press A - long to vic - to - ry!

The con-flict wild-ly rag - es, No long-er, then, de - lay,
Clad in a full sal - va - tion, The Spir-it's sword in hand,
Be loy - al to His serv - ice, His truth to all pro-claim;

But, trust-ing in Je-ho-vah's might, Go! watch, and fight, and pray.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry go! It is the Lord's command.
God loves a val - iant war - ri - or, Then go in Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

Hal-le - lu - jah! they are marching on, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the
Hal - le-lu-jah, Hall-le - lu - jah,

Lord! The ar-mies of the liv-ing God are march-ing on.
praise the Lord! marching, marching on.

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No. 91. SONG OF THE SAVIOR.

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sing we a song of the Sav - ior, Gentle, and lov-ing, and true,
2. Born in the Beth - le-hem man - ger, An-gels at-tend-ed His birth,
3. Bear-ing His bur-den of sor - rows, Still did He love us the same;
4. Now to the hea-vens as - cend - ed, Him by the Fa-ther be - hold,

Walk-ing the val - ley of shad-ows, Dy - ing for me and for you.
And from the heav-ens de-scend-ed Songs of re - joic - ing to earth.
All that re-viled Him for-giv - ing, Bear - ing the cross and its shame.
Plead-ing the cause of His chil-dren, Lov - ing us just as of old.

Chorus.

Praise Him, praise Him, Gen-tle, and lov - ing, and true;

Praise Him, praise Him, Dy-ing for me and for you.

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No. 92. ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. All the world for Je - sus! Be this our ear - nest aim:
2. All the world for Je - sus! Let each one pray and give,
3. All the world for Je - sus! We'll give, at His be - hest,
4. All the world for Je - sus! And Je - sus for the world!

To spread the bless-ed ti - dings Of Him who once was slain.
Un - til re-mot-est na-tions Shall look to Him and live.
To raise the poor and help-less, Till all have Christ confessed.
For - ev - er be His ban - ner Of vic - to - ry un-furled.

CHORUS.

All the world for Je - sus, Let ev - 'ry crea-ture sing;

All the world for Je - sus, Our great e - ter - nal King.

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No. 93. HE CALLETH FOR YOU.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The fields are all yel-low with rip - en - ing grain, And wave in the
2. The sun in high heav-en is show-er - ing heat; You'll languish and
3. Tho' rust - y thy sick - le, go forth in His name; The Lord will sus-

wind like the rest-less sea; From highways and hedges, from mountain and
thirst in its burning ray; Yet, reap-er, de - lay not! O spare not thy
tain tho' the world may frown; Each sheaf that you gather, each soul you re-

CHORUS.

plain, O reap - er, the call is for thee.
feet, But haste to the reap-ing a - way.
claim, Will shine as a star in your crown.
} He call - eth for

you, and the harvest is ripe; He call-eth a - gain and a - gain;.....
for thee;

Go forth to the fields, there is plenty to do; Go gather the golden grain....
golden grain.

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No. 94. RING ALL THE BELLS.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ring all the bells, the Gos - pel bells, Ring all the bells for Je - sus!
2. Ring all the bells, the Sab-bath bells, Ring all the bells for Je - sus!
3. Ring all the bells, the mer - ry bells, Ring all the bells for Je - sus!

Tell all the world from shore to shore, Our Je - sus lives for - ev - er-more;
O let us keep His ho - ly day, His "golden rule" of love o - bey;
The angels' song shall nev-er cease, All hail, all hail, the Prince of Peace!

His love as ten-der, full and free, As when He taught in Gal - i - lee,
By life and word, His sto - ry tell, How "Je-sus hath done all things well,"
His kingdom in our hearts shall be, He lives and reigns e - ter - nal-ly;

As when He died on Cal - va - ry—Ring all the Gos - pel bells.
Till oth - er lips the prais - es swell, Ring all the Sab bath bells.
From hill to hill, from sea to sea, Ring all the mer - ry bells.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring the bells, O ring the bells for Je - sus,
Ring the bells, O ring the bells,

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Ring All the Bells.

Ring, ring the bells, the bless - ed Gos - pel bells,
Ring, ring the bells, the bless - ed Sab - bath bells,
Ring, ring the bells, the mer - ry, mer - ry bells,
Ring the bells, O ring the bells,

Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
Ring, ring the bells, Ring, ring the bells,
Ring the bells, O ring the bells, Ring the bells, O ring the bells,

Ring all the bells, the Gos - pel bells, O ring the Gos - pel bells.
Ring all the bells, the Sab-bath bells, O ring the Sab-bath bells.
Ring all the bells, the mer - ry bells, O ring the mer - ry bells.

No. 95. MIZPAH.

H. A. HENRY

The Lord watch between me and thee, The Lord watch between me and thee, The me and thee,

Lord watch between me and thee When we are absent one from an - oth - er. A - men.

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No. 96. THE HOMELAND OF HEAVEN.

E. E. Rexford. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a beau-ti- ful land o'er the o- cean of time,—A land where no night is, no sor- row, no sin; And the voic - es of an - gels in cho - rus sub- lime, Give wel-come to all who come en - ter-ing in.
2. In that home of the soul there is ful-ness of rest For the way-worn and wea - ry of earth's troubled strand, And the peace that prevails on the Hills of the Blest Shall glad-den all hearts in the beau-ti - ful land.
3. Oh, thou beau-ti - ful land where no tears ev-er fall— And nev - er a grave makes its scar on the sod,—There is room in thy bor - ders for each and for all, A home ev - er-more in the cit - y of God.

Chorus.

Dear home-land of heav-en, in dreams I be - hold Thy gates made of pearl, and thy streets paved with gold; And the King in His beau-ty is

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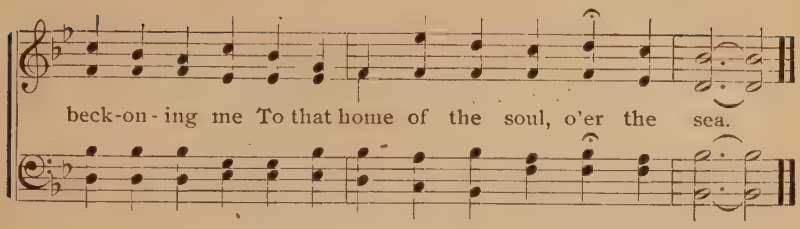
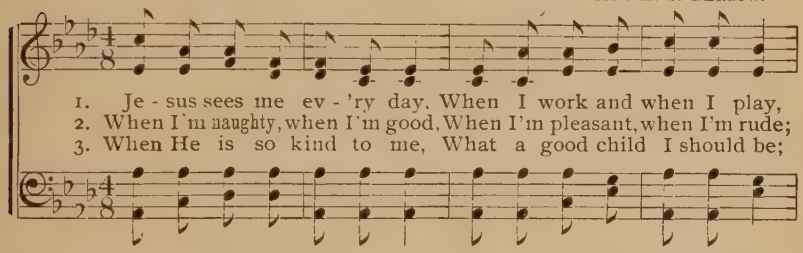
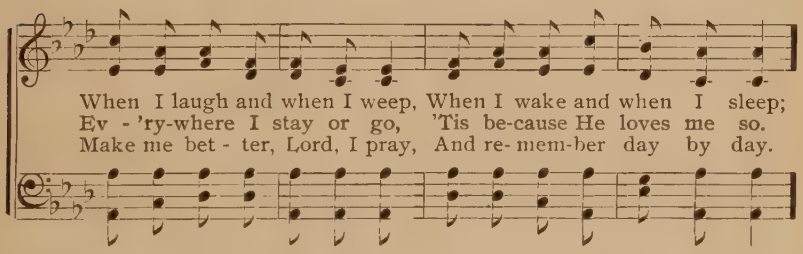
The Homeland of Heaven.



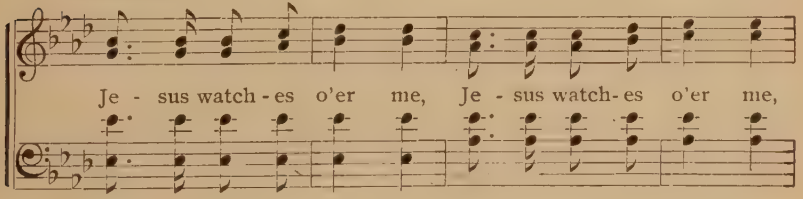
No. 97. JESUS SEES ME.

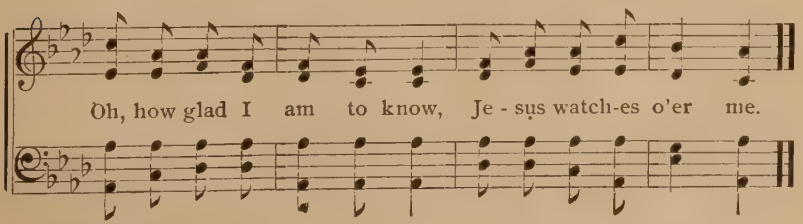
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. Mrs. A. S. Barlow.





Chorus.





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No. 98. THE WORK WE LOVE.

Words and Music written especially for Chas. H. Gabriel. March 26, 1895.

P. P. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. We come to geth - er here, once more, To sing and speak and pray;
2. Oh, how de-light-ful here to meet, A cheer-ful, hap-py throng,
3. This is a work we love so well, Sin-ners to win—our call,
4. Soon will our la - bors have an end And we'll be called to go,

None should be i - dle in God's house On this' His ho - ly day.
To learn of wis-dom from God's word, And join in glad-some song.
For Je - sus died to save the lost, And grace is free for all.
To be with Christ, and all the good, Where liv-ing wa - ters flow.

CHORUS.

We are pass-ing on - ward, To our Father's dwelling; On-ward, for-ward to the bet - ter land! When we cross the riv - er We shall dwell for-ev - er In the land of Par - a - dise at God's right hand.

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No. 99. LEAVE IT TO HIM.

Rev. J. E. Rankin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Why go a - round with troub - led soul! There's One that makes the wound - ed whole; Up - on the Lord thy bur - den roll:—
2. How - ev - er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy dark - est night, And flood from heav'n thy path with light,
3. How - ev - er dark thy path may be, Dark and un - scrut - a - ble to thee, He rules on high your des - ti - ny,—
4. Sure He who sets the mount-ain fast, When all earth's clouds are driv - en past, Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last,

Fine.

Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.....
Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him.

Chorus.

Leave it to Him..... who knoweth all,..... Him who marks..... the sparrow's fall,..... Who list-ens to the raven's call,
Leave it to Him who knoweth all, Leave it to Him, Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

D.S.

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No. 100. IN THAT CITY OVER THERE.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In that cit - y just in sight, Where our loved have gone be-fore,
2. In that cit - y o - ver there, Sor-row all shall banished be;
3. Palms of vic-t'ry we shall wear, And our tears be wiped a - way;

We shall walk with them in white When our work on earth is o'er.
We shall no more burdens bear—Christ the Lord's dear face we'll see.
In His glo - ry we shall share Thro' a long un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

There, there's no setting sun, And the leaves never fade; Tears are all wiped a -
way, For no sor-rows in-vade. We shall dwell ev-er-more, And our
Sav - ior a-dore, In that cit - y "o - ver there." . . . .
In that cit-y, "o - ver there."

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No. 101. SOME DAY.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Savior's hand my own shall meet, Some day, some day; I'll see His smile of
2. I'll hear my Sav-ior's tender voice, Some day, some day; O how my spir-it
3. I'll see my Savior face to face, Some day, some day; I'll sweetly rest in

welcome sweet, Some day, some day; Some day, when tears have ceased to flow, And
will re-joice, Some day, some day; Some day, when done the jour-ney drear, And
His embrace, Some day, some day; Some day, when tri-als all are o'er, And

storms of life no lon-ger blow, I'll clasp His loving hand, I know, Some
freed my soul from doubt and fear, Yes, I my Savior's voice shall hear, Some
sin can touch my soul no more, I'll see the One whom I a-dore, Some

CHORUS.

day, some day. O soul of mine, so tempted, tried, Be patient still, what-

e'er betide; Thy longings shall be sat-is fied, Yes, sat-is-fied some day, some day.

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No. 102. WILL YOU COME?

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Will you turn a-way from sin? Will you come? And a
2. Let my Sav-ior be your Friend, Will you come? Take the
3. Will you trust Him? He is strong, Will you come? He will

Will you come?

bet-ter life be-gin? Will you come? All your sin-ful-ness con-
gladness He will send, Will you come? Take His love so true and
save your soul from wrong, Will you come? Will you let Him walk be-

Will you come?

fess-ing, Give Him ev-'ry care op-press-ing, Come and seek a Sav-ior's
ten-der, Let Him be your strong Defender, Make a full and glad sur-
side you. He will comfort, He will guide you, And no e-vil shall be-

Chorus.

blessing, Will you come? Come to Je - - - sus, come to-
ren-der, Will you come?
tide you, Will you come? Will you come? Come to Je-sus, come to-day, Come to

day! Come, O come, ... no more de-
Je-sus, come to-day! Come, O come, no more de-lay, Come, O

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Will You Come?

lay! He is call-ing, call-ing! now o-
come, no more de-lay! He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing! now o-

bey! Will you come? Will you come?
bey, now o-bey! Will you come? Will you come?

No. 103. WEBB.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEO. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The darkness dis-ap-pears;

:S: FINE.

The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears.

D.S.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

D. S.

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a-far,

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing
The gospel call, obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

No. 104. WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For the sighing and the weeping, There'll be time by and by; For the
2. For the wea-ry-ing and fret-ting, For the
3. Leave till age your wrongs revenging, There'll be time by and by; Leave to

dreaming and the sleep-ing, Time enough by and by.
hat - ing and re - gret-ting,
death your weak a - veng-ing, Time enough, time enough by and by.

Chorus.

Be awake! be up and doing, Noblest works and ways pursuing; Hours of
strength and glad en-deav-or Can-not, will not last for - ev - er; Time to
rest by and by, Time to rest by and by.
Time to rest by and by, Time to rest, time to rest by and by.

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No. 105. GOD BE WITH YOU,

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His councels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore - you,

Chorus

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, ... till we
Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet Till we
meet, till we meet, Till we meet,

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet,

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No. 106. HE CALLETH FOR THEE.

H. HARDIE. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There was nothing within me that, just-ly, I might Give as rea-son why Je-sus should wash my soul white, I had mock'd at His mer-cy so oft - en be-fore, He might have for-sa-ken my soul ev - er-more; But still in His won-der-ful mer - cy so free, He had room in His
2. I would not at-tend, tho' so oft-en He cried—"Son, look at my hands, and the wound in my side! Oh, think of the love that could bring thy Lord down To buf - fet-ing, hate, and a brow-piercing crown; "I bore all that anguish to set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and
3. He bore with me long, and He followed me far O'er the way where al- lure-ments and lusts ev - er are; He brought me to pray, and He led me to think, With my feet slipping fast o'er the ter - ri - ble brink To destruction and death, and He turn'd me about; Then I came, and He
4. He is ev-er the same, and His Bible declares There's rejoicing a- bove o - ver pen - i-tent's prayers; That sins red as scar - let can be white as snow, If o'er them the blood of the Sav-ior but flow; He is pleading and calling, poor sinner, for thee, He'll not turn you a-

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He Calleth for Thee.

rit.

heart for a sin-ner like me; But still in his won-der-ful
mer-cy were nothing to me; "I bore all that an-guish to
nev-er has since cast me out; From destruction and death Je-sus
way since He saved one like me; He is plead-ing and call-ing, poor

mer-cy so free, He has room in His heart for a sin-ner like me.
set thy soul free!" But Christ's love and mercy were nothing to me.
turned me a-bout, Then I came, and He nev-er has since cast me out.
sin-ner, for thee, He'll not turn you away, since He saved one like me.

No. 107. DEATH AND ETERNITY.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Coming with the morn-ing light, Coming when the day is bright,
2. Coming to the young and proud, Coming to the gray head bowed,
3. Coming with un-hin-dered sway, Coming ev-'ry fleet-ing day,
4. Coming to the sin-ful one, Coming when our life is done,

p *Slow ap lib.* *Echo.*

Coming in the si-lent night, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with a snow white shroud, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Coming with the shadows gray, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.
Gath'ring to the judgment throne, Coming, coming, death and e-ter-ni-ty, e-ter-ni-ty.

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No. 108. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGG. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! sooner far Let ev'ning blush to own her star;
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days.
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright morning Star, bids dark-ness flee.

CHORUS.

Ashamed of Je - sus I nev - er, I nev-er will be, ... I nev-er will be,

For my dear Sav - ior is not ashamed of me; . . . . . No! when I is not ashamed of me;

blush . . . be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name. That I no more revere His name.

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No. 109. COMING BACK TO JESUS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. Take me, O my Sav - ior! I have wan-dered far from Thee,
2. Wash me in the cleans - ing blood that flows from Cal-va - ry,
3. Save me! at Thy bleed - ing feet I fall, O might-y King!

Wea - ry, tem-pest-tossed, Hope-less, al- most lost, Save me from my-
Then my soul shall grow Whi - ter than the snow; To Thy pre-cious
Cast me not a - way, Be my guide and stay; Un - to Thee, a

D. S.—O - pen wide the

self! I come with this my on-ly plea— Je - sus died for sin-ners
prom-is - es for com-fort now I flee, Call me once a-gain, dear
sac - ri-fice, my bro- ken heart I bring, Help me Thy re-deem-ing

mer-cy gate, O let me en - ter in, Bind my life to Thine for-

FINE. CHORUS.

just like me! Com-ing back, com-ing back,
Lord, to Thee!
love to sing! Com-ing back to Je-sus, I am com - ing back to - day,

ev - er - more.

D. S.

Griev - ing for the sins I loved be - fore;..... .....
my soul re - store;

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No. 110. I'M ALWAYS SAFE WITH CHRIST.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I do not know the path-way Where Christ my Sav - ior leads;
2. I stand in hour - ly dan - ger, And Sa - tan smiles to see
3. I know that cares and tri - als Will be my por - tion here;

I can - not see the store-house Sup - ply - ing all my needs—
My spir - it faint and fal - ter, When sore - ly tempt-ing me;
I know that soon or lat - er I'll lose what earth holds dear.

But oh, I'm sim - ply trust - ing His pre - cious love un - priced;
But when I proved the weak - est, His strength di-vine suf - ficed;
And so I'll sing in heav - en Where treas-ures are not priced;

I know that where He takes me, I'm al - ways safe with Christ.
And tho' my foes be - set me, I'm al - ways safe with Christ.
I'll give my - self to Je - sus—I'm al - ways safe with Christ.

CHORUS.

O what as - sur-ance blest is mine, I'm safe with Christ,.....
I'm safe with Christ,

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I'm Always Safe with Christ.

the King di - vine,..... ..... En-fold - ed by His lov-ing care,
the King di-vine,

I'm safe with Christ,..... no matter where.....
I'm safe with Christ, no matter where.

No. 111. HAPPY DAY.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Savior, and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }

:S: Chorus. Fine.

D.S.—Happy day, hap-py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

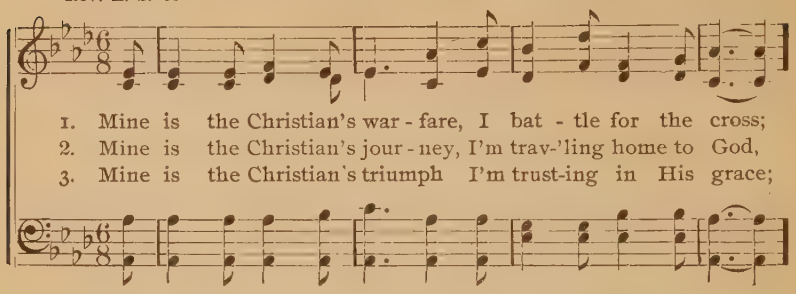
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

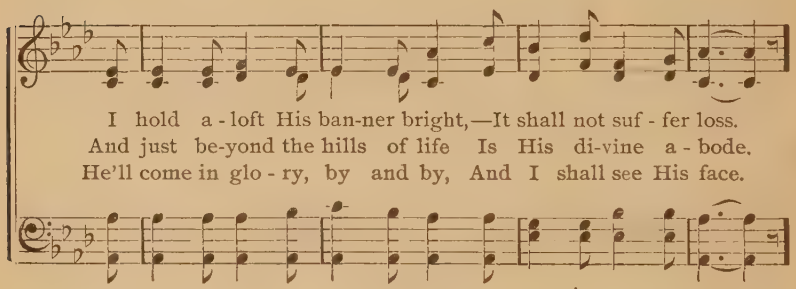
5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 112. WAITING FOR THE CROWN.

Rev. E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

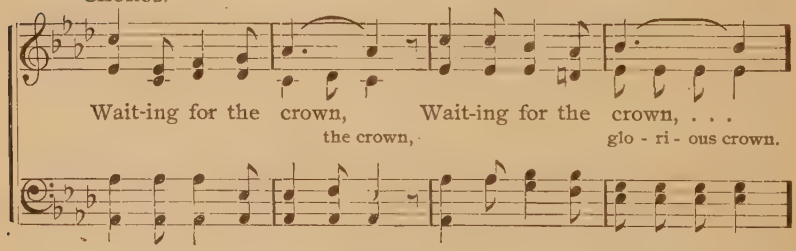


1. Mine is the Christian's war - fare, I bat - tle for the cross;
2. Mine is the Christian's jour - ney, I'm trav-'ling home to God,
3. Mine is the Christian's triumph I'm trust-ing in His grace;

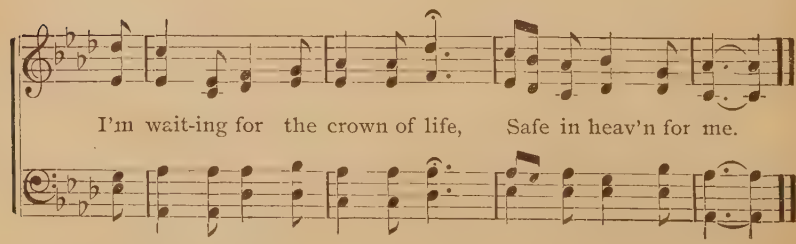


I hold a - loft His ban-ner bright,—It shall not suf - fer loss.
And just be-yond the hills of life Is His di-vine a - bode.
He'll come in glo - ry, by and by, And I shall see His face.

CHORUS.



Wait-ing for the crown, Wait-ing for the crown, . . .
the crown, glo - ri - ous crown.



I'm wait-ing for the crown of life, Safe in heav'n for me.

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No. 113. CLEAN HANDS, PURE HEARTS.

LAURA NEWELL. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Clean hands, pure hearts, Minds that treasure truth; Work-ing, pray-ing,
2. Help-ful, cheer-ful, Let us lend a hand; Love each-oth-er,
3. Do to oth-ers As we'd have them do Un-to us,—brave,
4. We'll re-mem-ber, In our gold-en days, Je-sus loves us,

CHORUS.

Gold-en days of youth.
Heed-ing Christ's com-mand. Hap-py chil-dren, hap-py chil-dren,
Loy-al, kind and true.
Guarding all our ways.

Joy-ful ev-'ry day, joy-ful ev-'ry day, Joy-ful ev-'ry

day; Serv-ing Je-sus, serv-ing Je sus, We would Him o-

bey, we would Him o-bey, we would Him o-bey.

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No. 114. TRUST IN GOD.

W. P. BALFERN. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Wheth - er with the few or ma - ny Ev - er work-ing for the Lord,
2. Do your best in joy or sor-row, Do your best by night or day,
3. Sun and stars and trees and flow-ers, Flowing streams and boundless sea,

Do your best and nev-er fal - ter, Ev - er lean - ing on His word.
Do your best in strength or weakness, Heed not what the world may say;
Ev - er work to cheer and help us,—Do their best, their serv-ice free;

Are you in the midst of con-flict, Full of troub-le and un - rest?
See the Mas-ter -ev - er work-ing Ev - er at His best was He;
Do your best thro' Time's thick darkness, And the best your eyes shall see;

Sor - row will not last for - ev - er,—Trust in God and do your best.
Thro' His cries and tears and bleeding,—To the last He toiled for thee.
When the Lord and prince of work-ers Comes again, He'll welcome thee.

CHORUS.

Trust in God, and do your best, Trust in God . . . and do your
Trust in God and do your best, Trust in God and

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Trust In God.

best, ... Do your best, and nev - er fal - ter, Ev - er
do your best,

lean-ing on is word, Trust in God . . . . and do your best.
Trust in God

No. 115. WHO WILL GATHER?

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { Lo! the har - vest field is bend-ing, Who will reap the gold - en
There are ma - ny i - dly standing In the mar - ket and the

2. { See the ma - ny that are wait-ing, 'Round a - bout the gold - en
They have themes, they have sug-ges-tions, For the la - bor and the

3. { Has - ten, broth - er, to the har - vest, To the har - vest of the
So that when the Mas - ter call - eth, This shall be the wel-come

1 2

grain, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? } reap-ers, where are they?
lane, But the (*Omit*)

field, All in i - dle - ness to - day; } reap-ers, where are they?
yield, But the (*Omit.*)

Lord! Gath-er sheaves from near and far, } reap-ers; here they are!"
word:—"Blessed (*Omit.*)

CHORUS.

Who will gath-er, who will gather? Who will gather in the golden grain?

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No. 116. ROOM FOR THEE.

E. E. HEWITT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Room e-nough at Calv'ry 'neath the crim-son flow! At the cross of Je-sus humbly bend-ing low, Oth-ers find sal-va-tion, from their bur-dens free, Still the lov-ing Spir-it calls for thee.
2. Room e-nough for serv-ice in the vineyard wide, Work to do for Je-sus—needful pow'r supplied; In the near-est du-ty, in the dai-ly care Find a mis-sion, find a bless-ing there.
3. Room e-nough in glo-ry, when the work is done, At the marriage sup-per of the roy-al Son; In the shin-ing man-sions by the crys-tal sea, Room for all, and room e-nough for thee.

CHORUS.

Room enough, room enough, room e-nough for all; Room for ev-'ry soul who heeds the gos-pel call; Come while mer-cy lin-gers,

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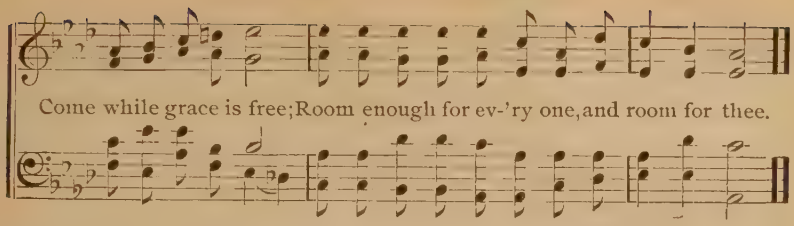
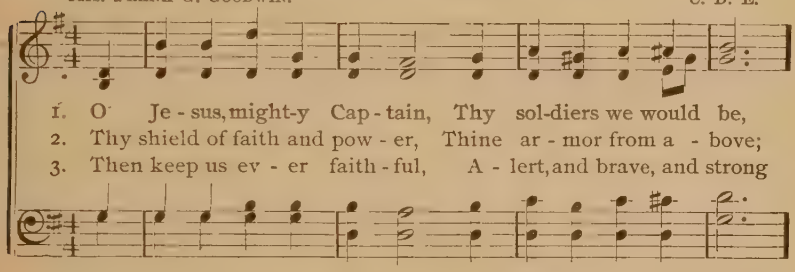
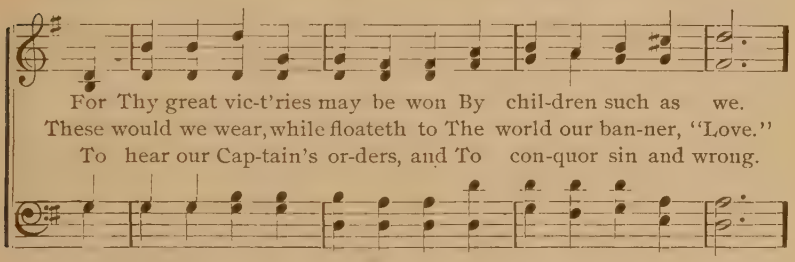
Room for Thee.



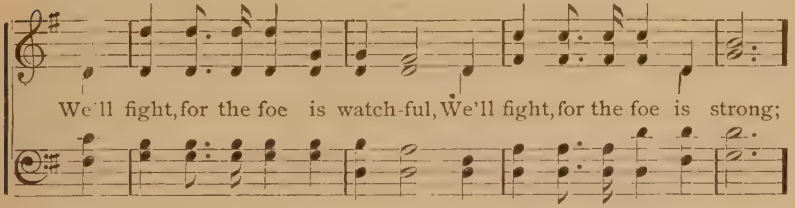
No. 117. CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

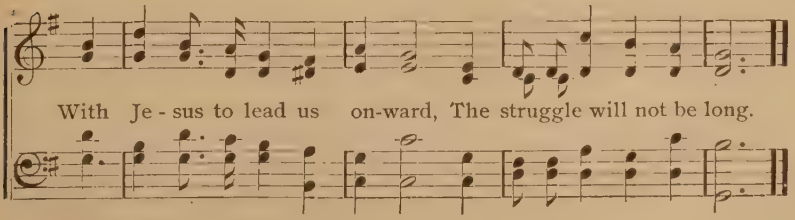
MRS. FRANK G. GOODWIN. C. D. E.





CHORUS.





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No. 118. WORK FOR JESUS.

JAMES ROWE. ORAN WILLIAMS.

May be sung in D♭.

1. In this vale of sadness, Grief and pain, and care, Where the burdened
2. Ev-er hearts are breaking, Cries are ev - er heard; Ev - er struggling
3. There are souls around you, Deep in doubt and sin, Whom an act of

and the wea - ry Meet you ev-'ry - where; Oh, what precious blessings
souls are longing For a cheering word; Oh, what deeds of kindness
love might rescue, Whom a word might win; Oh, what err-ing brothers

D. S.—Oh, what precious blessings

FINE.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may do each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may win each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

CHORUS.

Work for Je - sus, Help the dear Re-deem - er,
Work for Je - sus, work for Je - sus,

D.S.

Soothe and com - fort, Gladden while you may; . . . .
Soothe and com - fort, soothe and com - fort, Glad - den while you may;

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No. 119. HOME OVER YONDER.

R. T. W. R. T. WILEY.

1. { Oh, 'tis sweet to think of heaven - ly mansions yonder, Which the
Soon we'll cross the si - lent riv-er, and ne'er more wander, For our
2. { In our Father's home for - ev - er we'll dwell in gladness, And no
For the Lord will give us fullness of joy for sad-ness, And the
3. { Fa - ther, keep us faith-ful ev - er to this, our call-ing, Guide our
In - to Satan's snares de-liv - er our feet from fall-ing, Bring us

1 2

Sav - ior promised He was go-ing to pre-pare;
[*Omit.* . . . . . .] home of joy and peace shall
clouds of sor - row ev - er hang up-on our sky;
[*Omit.* . . . . . .] tears of earthly pain He'll
falt'ring feet to walk the straight and narrow way;
[*Omit.* . . . . . .] safe - ly to that land of

CHORUS.

evermore be there.
wipe from ev'ry eye.
ev-er-last-ing day.
} We shall soon pass o - ver in - to glo - ry; Soon our

earth-ly jour-ney will be o'er, (will be o'er,) Then we'll sing the love of

our Redeemer, In the land of joy for ev - er more (ev - er-more).

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No. 120. WHOSOEVER WILL.

IDA M. BUDD. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. I am glad the blest as - sur-ance has been giv - en in His
2. O ye doubt-ing ones that lin - ger while the mo-ments speed a -
3. There are souls that sit in dark - ness deep and cheer-less as the
4. Praise the Lord, O praise Him ev - er for His mer - cy broad and

word, For the com - fort of the souls a - far that roam, That no
way, Bear - ing all the liv - ing t'ward their fi - nal home; Wait no
grave, In the lands that lie be - yond the o-cean's foam; Send to
free, We will sing as on we jour-ney t'ward our home; For the

price have we to pay to share the love of Christ, our Lord, But
long - er, for His lov - ing voice as - sures from day to day, That
them the gos - pel mes-sage, that our Christ is strong to save, And
fount-ain of His love is flow - ing still for you and me, And

CHORUS.

"Who - so-ev - er will may come." Who - - so-ev-er
Who-so-ev-er will. Who-so-ev-er will, yes,

will, ... Who - - so-ev - er will; . . . . . He
who-so-ev - er-will, The Sav - ior now is call - ing: "Who-so-ev - er will;"

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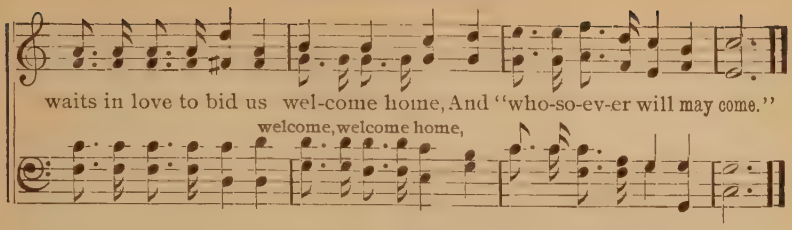
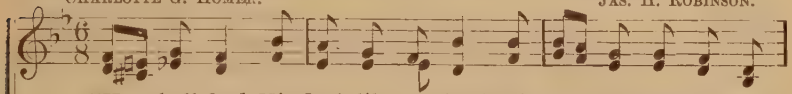
Whosoever Will.

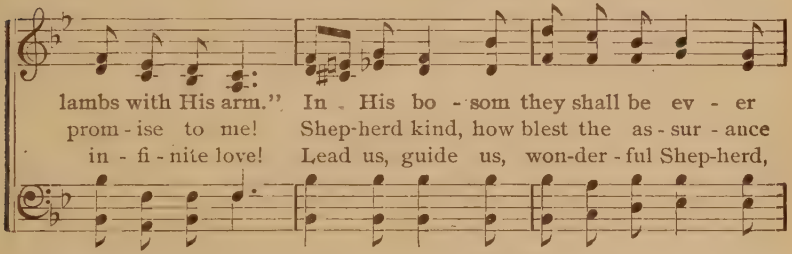


No. 121. HE SHALL GATHER THE LAMBS.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. JAS. H. ROBINSON.

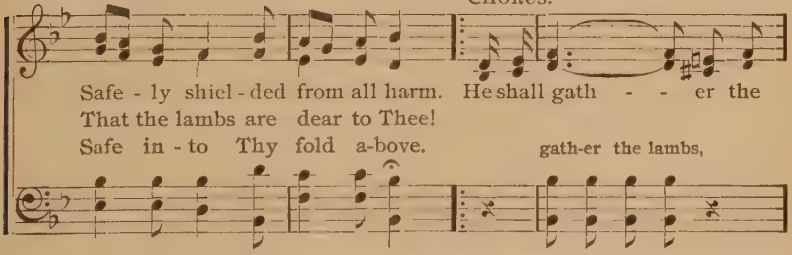


1. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gath-er the
2. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," O how precious the
3. "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," O the depths of His

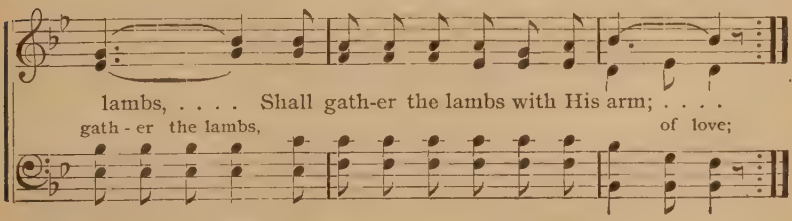


lambs with His arm." In His bo - som they shall be ev - er
prom - ise to me! Shep-herd kind, how blest the as - sur - ance
in - fi - nite love! Lead us, guide us, won-der - ful Shep-herd,

CHORUS.



Safe - ly shiel - ded from all harm. He shall gath - - er the
That the lambs are dear to Thee!
Safe in - to Thy fold a-bove.
gath-er the lambs,



lambs, ... Shall gath-er the lambs with His arm; . . . .
gath - er the lambs, of love;

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No. 122. FOLLOWING JESUS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. H. A. HENRY.

1. Fol-low-ing Je - sus just where He leads me, Sing-ing for
2. Fol-low-ing Je - sus, tho' so un - wor - thy, Fear-less - ly
3. Fol-low-ing Je - sus in - to the val - ley, O - ver the

glad-ness all the long way; Up on the mountain, o - ver the
pass - ing thro' the dark night; Trust-ing His prom- ise, "Lo! I am
path He trod long a - go; On - ly a step from shad-ow to

des - ert, Kept by His good-ness ev - 'ry day.
with you," Shad - ows will van - ish in His light.
sun - shine, Lean - ing on Him whose love I- know.

CHORUS.

Fol-low-ing Je - sus, Blessed Re-deem - er, Crowned by His
Fol-low-ing Je - sus, Bless-ed Re-deem-er,

good - ness, and kept by His pow'r, ... Ev-er re-joic - ing,
Crowned by His good - ness, and kept by His pow'r. Ev - er re- joic-

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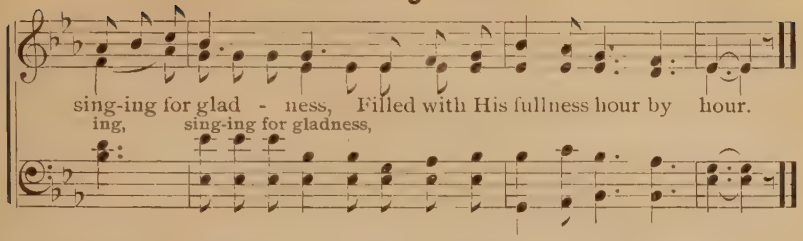
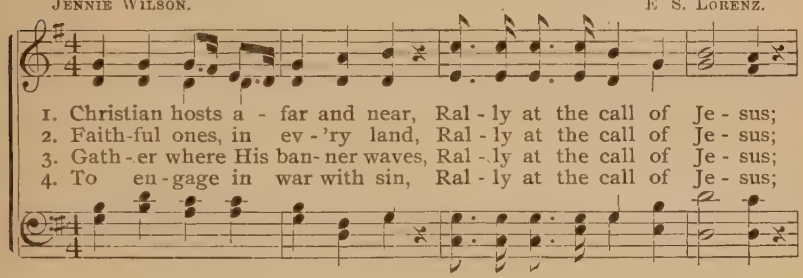
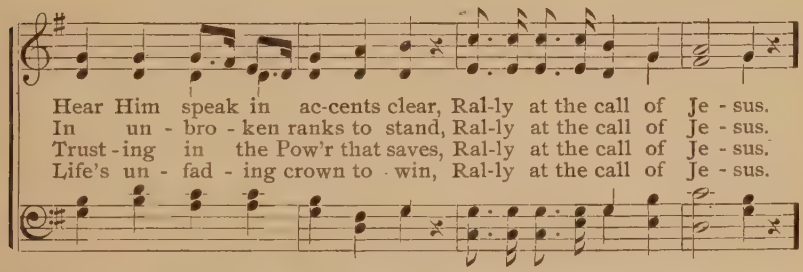
Following Jesus.



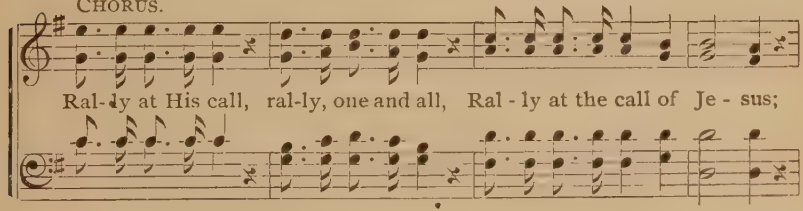
No. 123. RALLY AT THE CALL OF JESUS.

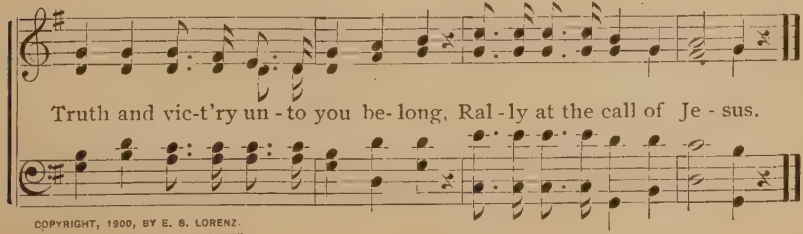
JENNIE WILSON. E. S. LORENZ.





CHORUS.





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No. 124. NEAR TO THEE.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Keep me near Thee night and day;
2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Grant me this, my heart's de - sire;

Hold my hand in Thine, dear Sav-ior, For I need Thee all the way.
Speak, oh, speak to me, dear Sav-ior, And my faint-ing soul in - spire.

Ma - ny are the hid-den dan-gers, And the pit-falls are un-known;
Let me feel the gen-tle pres-sure Of Thy hand, when danger's near;

Hold my hand and lead me, Sav-ior, For I dare not go a - lone.
Lead me in - to light e - ter - nal,—Lead me, O my Sav - ior dear.

CHORUS.

Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, Nev - er let me from Thee stray:

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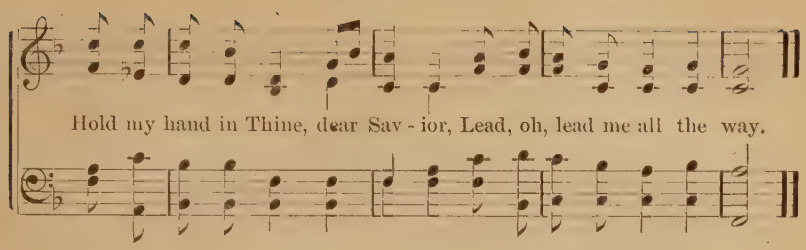
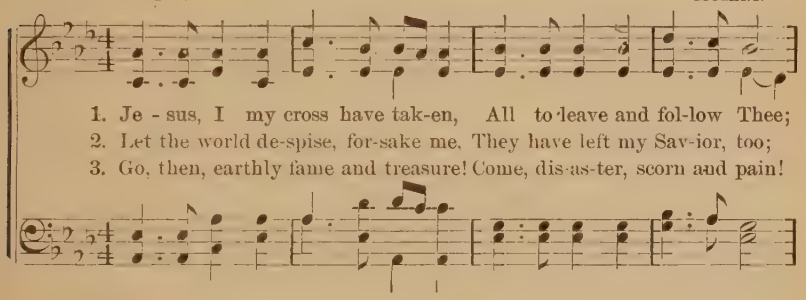
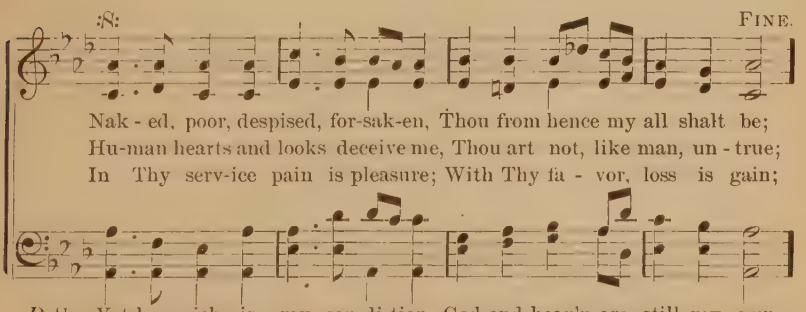
Near to Thee.



No. 125. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

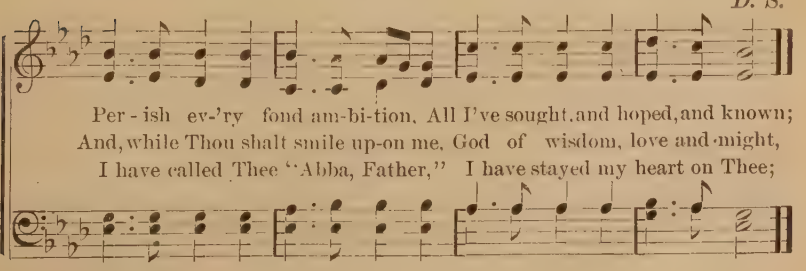
HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.





D.S.—Yet how rich is my con di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

D. S.



No. 126. COME, LITTLE ONES, COME.

E. E. Hewitt. E. S. Lorenz.

Solo.

1. The Sav - ior calls to you and me, Come, lit - tle ones, come;
2. He'll com - fort us when we are sad, Come, lit - tle ones, come;
3. His lov - ing Spir - it He'll be-stow, Come, lit - tle ones, come;

Oh, what a lov - ing Friend He'll be, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
His pre-cious love will make us glad, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
Till more and more like Him we'll grow, Come, lit - tle ones, come.

Duet.

He died to take our sins a-way, He lives to bless us ev - 'ry day,
He'll help us o-ver-come the wrong, And make us pure, and true, and strong,
He'll take us gen-tly by the hand, And lead us on, a hap py band,

He'll help us trust Him and o - bey, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
He'll fill our hearts with joy - ful song, Come, lit - tle ones, come.
Un - til we see the Shin-ing Land, Come, lit - tle ones, come.

:S: Chorus. Fine.

Come, little ones, come to Je-sus. Come, little ones, come. For whether we

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Come, Little Ones, Come.

D. S.

wa-ken, or whether we sleep. Je-sus His children will ten-der-ly keep;

No. 127. O HOW HE LOVES!

MARIANNE NUNN, 1813. C. D. EMERSON.

1. One there is a - bove all oth-ers, O how He loves!
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, O how He loves!
3. All your sins shall be for - giv-en, O how He loves!

His is love be - yond a brother's, O how He loves!
Think, O think how much we owe Him, O how He loves!
Back-ward shall your foes be driv-en, O how He loves!

Earthly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
With His precious blood He bought us, In the wil-der-ness He sought us,
Best of blessings He'll provide you, Naught but good shall e'er be-tide you,

But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, O how He loves!
To His fold He safe - ly brought us, O how He loves!
Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, O how He loves!

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No. 128. NEARER EVERY DAY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Near - er to Je - sus I am draw - ing ev - 'ry day,
2. Near - er to Je - sus ev - 'ry morn - ing, noon and night,
3. Near - er to Je - sus I am long - ing yet to be,

Clos - er cling - ing to His side I press on my way;
Liv - ing in His coun - sel, and sus-tained by His might,
Near - er, near - er, till His bless - ed face I can see;

Sweet - er falls the mu - sic of His voice up - on mine ear,
All the way my soul re - joic - es in His pre-cious love,
Near - er, till a - round the throne, with all the ransom'd throng,

Hop - ing, trust - ing, wait - ing, I have noth - ing to fear.
And I'll trust Him till at last I'm crown'd His a - bove.
I shall see Him face to face, and praise Him in song.

CHORUS.

Near - er, near-er, Nearer blessed Je - sus, Near - er draw me to Thee,
Near-er, near-er, Near-er, near-er, draw me to Thee,

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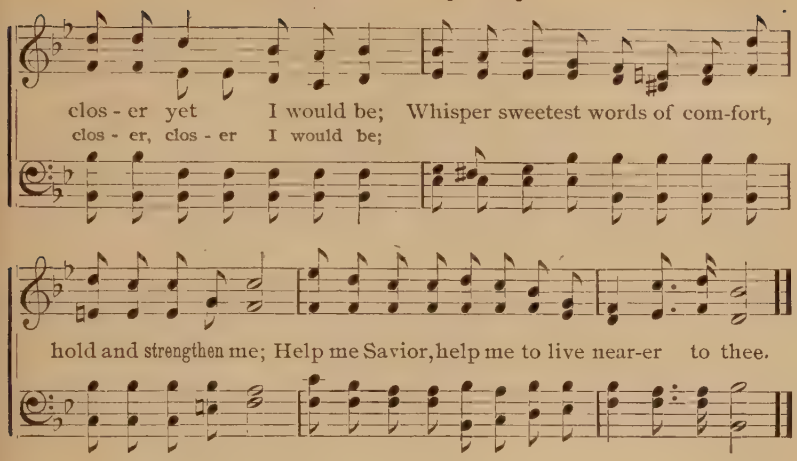
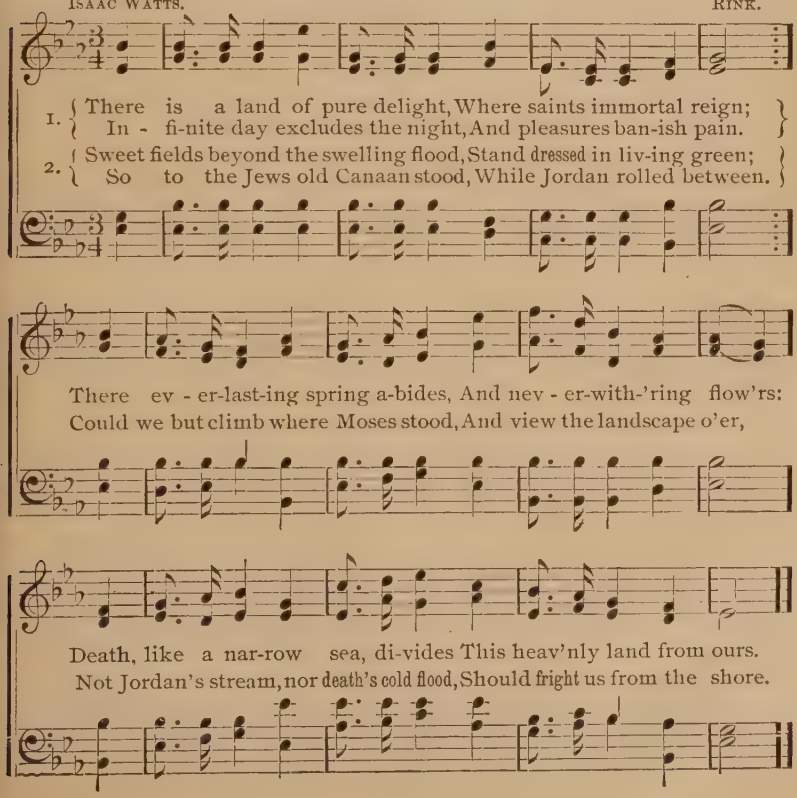
Nearer Every Day.



No. 129. THERE IS A LAND.

ISAAC WATTS. RINK.



No. 130. SHINE FOR JESUS.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. GEO. H. CROSBY.

1. Shin - ing for Je - sus all, all the day, Send - ing a - far each
2. Shin - ing for Je - sus, joy - ous and bright, Holding your lamp a -
3. Shin - ing for Je - sus wher - e'er you go, Ev - er re - flect - ing

heav - en - ly ray; Let-ting your light burn, care - ful - ly watch-ing,
loft in the night; Shin-ing, that oth - er feet may be guid - ed
His light be - low, Giv - ing the glo - ry un - to the Sav - ior

CHORUS.

Lest it give out by the way. Shine..... for Him a -
Un - to the Life and the Light.
Whose love di-vine you shall know. Shine for Him a - lone, Make

lone,..... Sing a - loud,..... ..... O sing with
all His bless - ings known, Sing, sing a - loud with glad - ness,

glad - - - ness; Praise..... the Lord of
Sing, be brave and bright, Praise the Lord of might, Yea,

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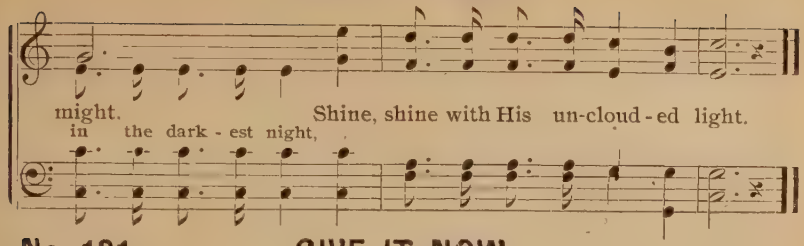
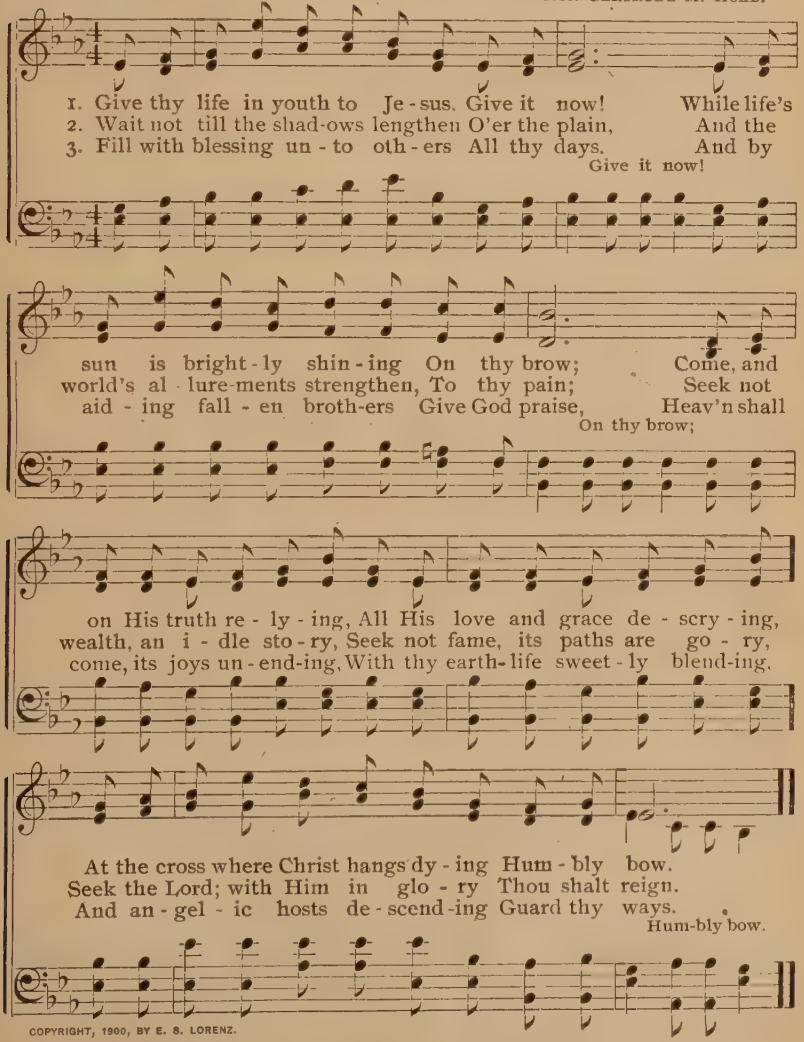
Shine for Jesus.



No. 131. GIVE IT NOW.

Mrs. G. M. H. Mrs. Gertrude M. Hoad.



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No. 132. THE LORD WAS READY TO SAVE ME.

ADA BLENKHORN. DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. When lost up-on the des-ert wild, The Lord was read-y to save me;
2. Be - fore I knew He died for me, The Lord was read-y to save me;
3. And when I knelt be-fore His feet, The Lord was read-y to save me;
4. Come, sing with me my song of joy, The Lord was read-y to save me;

A sin - ful, and re-bel-ious child, The Lord was read-y to save me;
Be - fore I heard of Cal - va - ry, The Lord was read-y to save me;
To make my joy in Him complete, The Lord was read-y to save me;
And let His praise your lips employ, The Lord was read-y to save me;

He knew and pi-tied my dis-tress; He sought me in the wil-der-ness;
Be - fore I knew He loved my soul, And that His blood could make me whole;
He wiped a - way the fall-ing tear; He bade me trust, and not to fear;
O my His courts with praise resound, Its echoes reach the world around;

My wounds to heal, my soul to bless, The Lord was read-y to save me.
Be - fore I owned His sweet control, The Lord was read-y to save me.
And to my soul He made it clear, The Lord was read-y to save me.
Cease not to sing, for I have found The Lord was read-y to save me.

CHORUS.

The Lord was read-y to save me! The Lord was read-y to save me!

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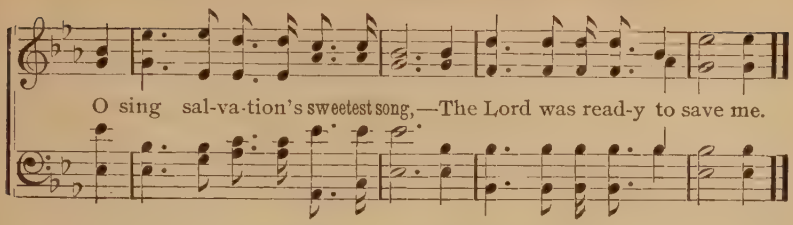
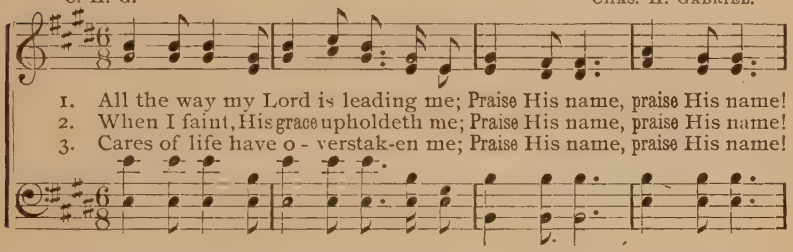
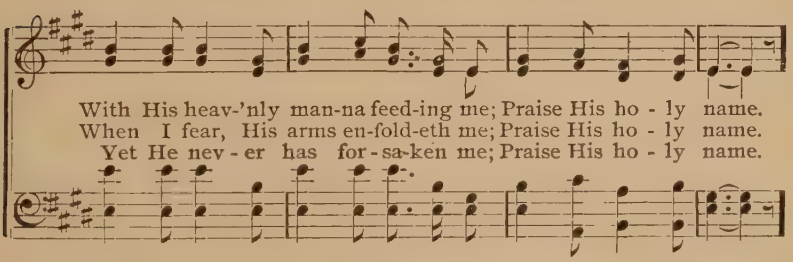
The Lord was Ready to Save Me.



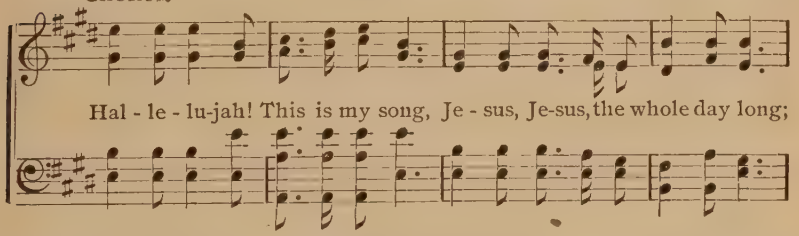
No. 133. PRAISE HIS NAME.

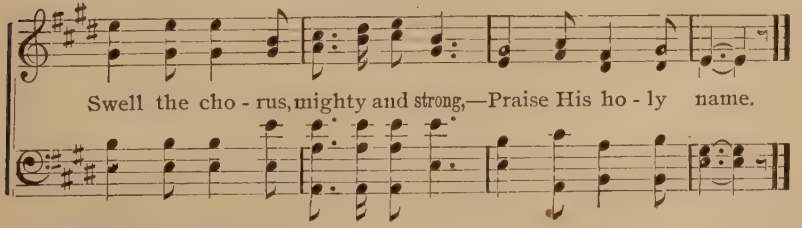
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





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No. 134. TO THE WORK.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. There's a time to la - bor, and a time to play, So do not
2. 'Tis the time to la - bor, and there's work for all; No one should
3. 'Tis the time for reap-ing, see, the night draws near; And none can

i - dle the working hours a - way;.....But take up the task with
i - dle, nor heedless hear the call;.....All the fields are white, there's
la - bor while dark'ning shades are here:... .. If the sheaves are lost that

cour-age and with might, And work with a will While the sun sheds its light.
reap ing room for you; Step forth with a will, God will show what to do.
your hands could have won, The Chief Reaper then will not bid you "well done."

CHORUS.

To the work, to the work, With a will, with a
To the work, to the work,

will and with might; To the work, to the
and with might; To the work,

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To the Work.

work, While the sun sheds its ev - er-bless - ed light.
to the work, bless-ed light.

No. 135. COME, ALMIGHTY SPIRIT!

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Swift as storm-wind from the skies, Come, O quick'ning Spirit, come!
2. Soft as dew on heav'nly hills, Come, O hal-lowed Spir-it, come!
3. Light and pu - ri - ty di - vine, Come, O cleansing Spir-it, come!
4. Burn with pen-te - cos - tal flame, Come, all-conq'ring Spir-it, come!

Bid the fet-tered dead a - rise, Come, O quick'ning Spir-it, come!
Sweet as stream from heav'nly rills, Come, O hal-lowed Spir-it, come!
Bid the foul- est dark-ness shine, Come, O cleans- ing Spir-it, come!
Breathing pow'r in Je- sus' name, Come, all-conq'ring Spir-it, come!

Chorus.

Prom-ise of the Lord as - cend-ing, Heav'n and earth in glo - ry

blend-ing, Comforter of souls descending, Come, almighty Spirit, come!

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No. 136. HE LOVES ME SO.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. M. BLACK.

SOLO.

1. I know that mamma loves me, Be-cause she tells me so;
2. The hap-py birds in spring-time, Are sing-ing all the day;
3. I read of sprites and brownies, And of the fair - ies too,—
4. It makes me ver - y hap - py,—This sto - ry sweet and old,

She nev - er yet de-ceived me, And nev - er will, I know:
The pret - ty flow - ers bloom-ing, In beau - ti - ful ar - ray;
But oh, there is a sto - ry That's ev - er sweet and new!
Be-cause it grows the sweet - er Each time I hear it told.

And so I know that Je - sus Loves lit - tle ones like me,
And all they say to me is, That "God is ev - er good!"
It's called the "Old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love,"
Al-though I oft - en won - der Why He re-mem - bers me,

And that He watches o'er them, Wher-ev - er they may be.
They nev - er speak un - tru - ly, They would not if they could.
And of the ma - ny man - sions He has pre-pared a - bove.
I know that Je - sus loves me, And will my Sav - ior be.

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He Loves Me So.

CHORUS.

He loves, He loves me so, He loves, He loves me so;
He loves, He loves,

I know He came to save me, Be-cause He loves me so.

No. 137. DO NO SINFUL ACTION.

C. F. ALEXANDER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word; We be - long to
2. There's a wicked spir - it Watching 'round us still, And he tries to
3. List not to the temp-ter, Tho' 'tis hard for you To re - sist the

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Chil - dren of the Lord. Christ is kind and gen - tle,
tempt us In - to harm and ill.
e - vil And the good to - do.

Christ is pure and true, And His little chil-dren, Must be ho-ly, too.

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No. 138. SEND OUT THY LIGHT.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. C. D. EMERSON.

1. Send out Thy light, dear Fa-ther, I pray, Lest in the darkness I fall by the way; Give me Thy truth, for - ev - er to shine O - ver my pathway with glo-ry di - vine. Send..... out Thy light,.....
2. Send out Thy light, with-in me to dwell; Liv-ing or dy-ing, then all will be well; Death's but a shad - ow, I shall not fear; Night is glad morning when Je - sus is near. O send out Thy light un - til I shall move In - - to the sun - shine, Blessed sunshine of Je-sus' love.
3. Send out Thy light, a bea-con to be; Lord, let it guide me o'er life's troub-led sea, Lead-ing o'er rock and dan-ger - ous shoal, Un - til in heav-en I an-chor my soul.

CHORUS.

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light, In - to the sun - shine, in - to the sunshine,

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No. 139. JESUS CALLS FOR FAITHFUL LABORERS.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. Je - sus calls for faith-ful lab'rers, Earnest work - ers in His field,
2. Souls are per - ish-ing a-round you For the help that you might give;
3. Hearts are aching 'neath the burdens That the dear Christ-love would lift,
4. Je - sus calls for faith-ful lab'rers, Who will an-swer "Here am I!"

For the grain is white to har-vest, And a - bun - dant is the yield.
Go my broth-er, seek the lost ones, Bid them come to Christ and live.
If some work-er in the vineyard Would but bear God's precious gift.
Who will gath-er pre-cious jew-els For the crown-ing by and by?

CHORUS.

Je - sus calls for faith-ful workers, con - se - crat - ed, bold and true;

Oh, my broth-er, standing i - dle, Know you not He calls for you?

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No. 140. WILL YOU BELIEVE?

Mrs. L. M. Beal Bateman. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Have you heard, oh, have you heard? Is your heart with-in you stirred?
2. 'Tis the Word, the bless - ed Word, 'Tis the Spir-it's liv - ing sword!
3. 'Tis the Word, the fruit - ful Word, Bearing joy to those who heard;

As you list - en to the gos-pel will you not its mes - sage heed?
Will you let it cut a - sun-der from your life its ev - 'ry sin?
Will you make its full con - di-tions and their prom - is - es your own?

'Tis the Truth,—will you re-ceive it? 'Tis the Way,—will you believe it?
'Tis the seal of gra-cious fa - vor Of the liv - ing, lov - ing Savior;—
Will you take the heav'nly to-ken,—Full and free for-give-ness spok-en?

Will you fol - low on to know Him whom to know is life in - deed?
Will you o - pen wide the en-trance to your heart and let Him in?
Will you gath-er with the ransom'd, prais-ing God be - fore His throne?

Chorus.

'Tis the Word, 'Tis the Love,
'Tis the Word, all woe re-pell - ing, 'Tis the Love, all love ex-cell-ing,

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Will You Believe?

'Tis the sweet in - vit - ing mes-sage of a pre-cious Sav-ior's voice;

Will you now, all fear re-press-ing, Come and take the offered bless-ing?

While be-cause of your re-turn ing, All the hosts of heav'n re-joice.

No. 141. COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 Call upon Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 Look unto Him.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 Only trust Him.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 I believe Him.

No. 142. WAKE THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

E. E. Hewitt. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Wake the song of glad-ness, Swell the song of love; See, in hours of
2. Sing the mercies giv - en, To the trust-ing soul; Man-na sent from
3. Sing the blessed sto - ry Of re-deem-ing grace; Sing of wondrous

sad - ness, Crys - tal light a - bove. Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus,
heav-en,—Streams that free-ly roll. Ten - der con - so - la - tion,
glo - ry, When we see His face. Brief the day of sor - row,

Smiles a-way the night! Ev - er-last-ing fa - vor, Ev-er-last-ing light.
When the heart is sore; Bless-ing of sal-va-tion, Ev-er "more and more."
Shelter'd by His side; Long the golden mor-row, Where His joys a-bide.

Chorus.

Wake the song of glad - ness, Swell the song of love!

Not a cloud of sad - ness, In the land a - bove.

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No. 143. THE WONDERFUL OLD STORY.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. O sweet is the sto ry of Je-sus, The wonderful Savior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glory; His blood as a ransom He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a river, His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suffered and died for the sinner—I'll tell it a gain and a-gain!
To purchase e-ter-nal redemption, And oh, He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fic-ient, It reach-es and pur-i-fies me.

CHORUS:

O beau - ti-ful, wonderful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O beautiful sto - ry, O wonderful story, The dearest that ev -

ev-er was told;..... I will tell it 'till yon - der in glory I
er, that ev-er was told; I will tell it 'till yonder in

Rit.

meet Him And more..... of His beauty be - hold.....
glo-ry I meet Him, and more of His beau - ty, His beauty behold.

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No. 144 THAT COMING DAY.

Rev. N. A. McAulay. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When comes the day of my release, When breaks the golden bowl;
2. When ev - 'ry tear is wip'd away, And bur-dens all laid down,
3. When ev - 'ry bat -tle shall be won, And sor - rows pass a -way,

When earth - ly cares and toils shall cease To press my ransom'd soul:
When earth obtains her si - lent dead, And I my fadeless crown:
When ev - 'ry du - ty shall be done, And dawns the per-fect day:

Chorus.

Then I shall dwell on yon - der shore, In man - sions
Then I shall dwell on yonder shore, on yonder shore, In mansions by the

by the crys - tal sea, Where I shall praise for -
crys-tal sea, in mansions by the sea, Where I shall praise for -ev - er,

ev - er - more, The Son of God who died for me.
praise for-ev-er-more, The Son of God who died for me, The Son who died for me

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No. 145. TO THE FRONT.

JOHN R. GOODWIN.

Partly written
By Dr. S. B. JACKSON,

1. To the front! the war is rag - ing, Bold and fierce the foes of sin;
2. In His name, and by His presence, We the hosts of sin de-fy;
3. To the front with ho - ly cour-age, Gird-ed with the armor bright;
4. Courage, sol - diers, in the arm - y Of our God, it is thro' thee

On the ranks of Christ are pressing, Firm in faith and strong to win.
Forward! lift the blood-stained banner; For the cross we dare and die.
Free sal - va-tion is our mot-to, We will con-quer in His might.
Sa-tan's pow-er must be broken, And his cap-tive ones set free.

CHORUS.

Press on - ward, Press on - ward With gos-pel armor shining bright;
on - ward, on - ward, on-ward, on-ward,

Press on - ward, Press on - ward! Be va - lient in the fight.
on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on-ward,

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No. 146. SHOW US THE WAY.

WILLIAM H. GARDNER. GEO. E. MYERS.

Very feelingly.

1. Bless-ed Sav-ior of Light, We come hum-bly to-night, And we
2. When the tempter is nigh, May we look then on high, And gain
3. When the death-an-gel comes, And he takes our dear ones, May the

ask Thee to help us each day; For we're long-ing to be,
strength for the cares of the day; May we fight a good fight,
cross be our trust and our stay; To Thy word may we cling,

Blessed Lord, more like Thee; Oh, then, show us, dear Master, the way!
Trusting e'er in the right, Oh, pray, show us, dear Master, the way!
May we rest 'neath Thy wing; Oh, then, show us, dear Master, the way!

REFRAIN.

Show us the way, That, dear Mas - ter, each day We may

grow in Thy grace and Thy love; And when life is past, Oh,

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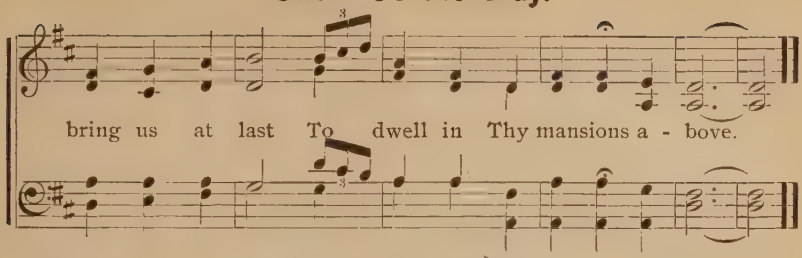
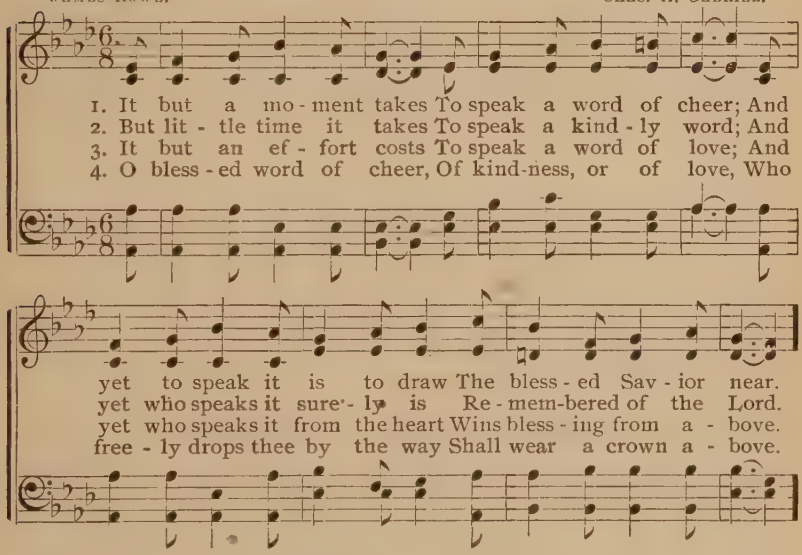
Show Us the Way.

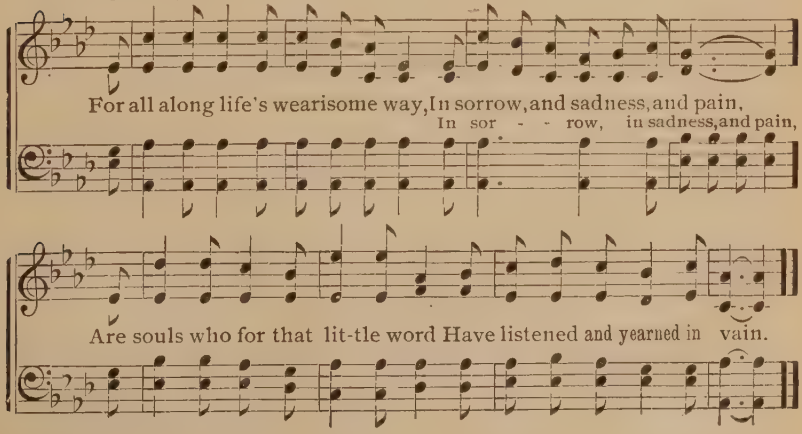


No. 147. A WORD OF CHEER.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.



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No. 148. I AM COMING TO THE FOUNTAIN.

IDA M. BUDD. ADOLPH JESREAL.

1. Lord, my heart is weak and sin - ful, I dis - trust it more and more,
2. I am wea - ry of temp-ta - tions That as - sail me day by day,
3. In the joy of per-fect par - don Let me live from day to day,

And its ma - ny faithless doubtings Have distressed and grieved me sore,
All too strong for hu-man weak-ness And I know that Thou dost say
Walking e'er so close be - side Thee That my steps can nev - er stray;

And I long the sweet as-sur - ance Of Thy cleans-ing pow'r to know,
Thou hast grace and strength sufficient To sup - ply my ev - 'ry need;
Let Thy mind, O Christ, be in me As I seek Thy will to know;

I am com - ing to the foun-tain:—Wash me whit-er than the snow.
I am com - ing to the foun-tain:—Make me free from sin in-deed.
In the foun-tain of Thy clean-ing, Wash me whit-er than the snow.

CHORUS.

Rit.

I am com-ing to the fount-ain With its pur - i - fy-ing flow;
I am coming to the fountain With its purifying, cleansing flow,

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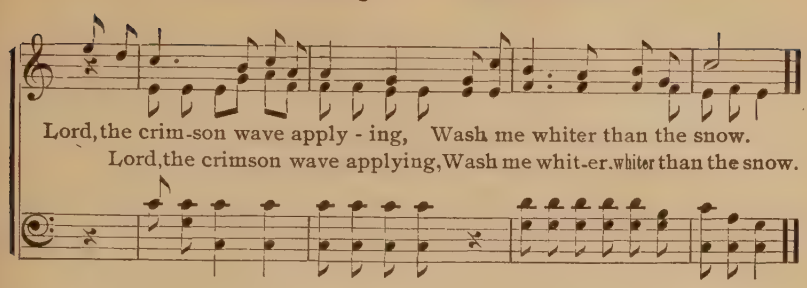
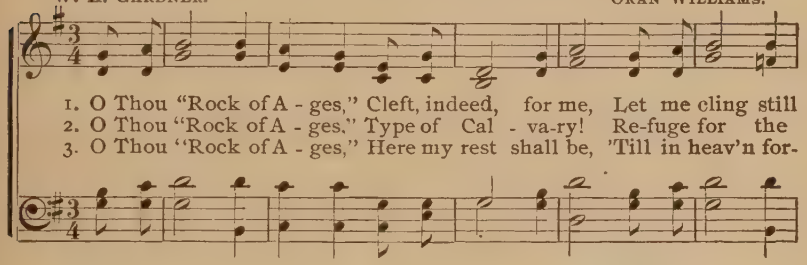
I Am Coming To The Fountain.



No. 149. O THOU ROCK OF AGES.

W. H. GARDNER. ORAN WILLIAMS.



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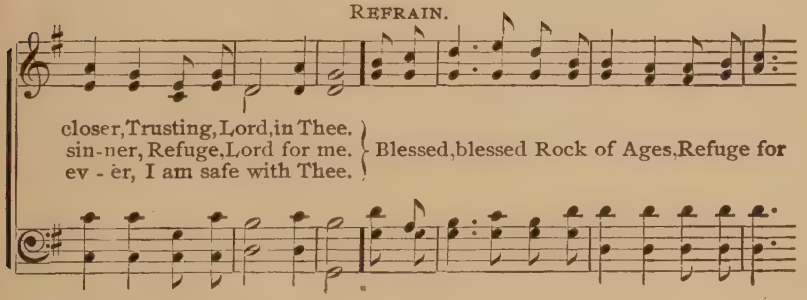

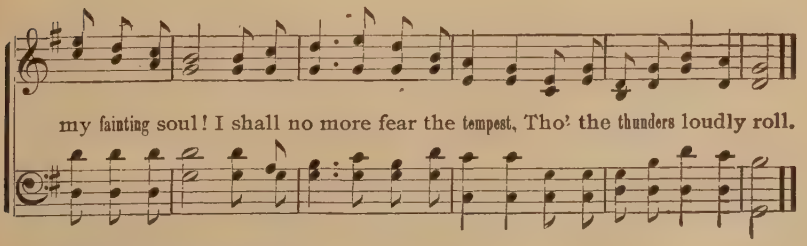

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No. 150. THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.

J. ADDISON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur-veys,
2. O how can words with equal warmth The grat - i - tude de - clare,
3. To all my weak complaints and cries, Thy mer-cy lent an ear,
3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur - sue;

Trans-port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love and praise.
That glows with-in my ravished breast? But Thou canst read it there.
Ere yet my fee-ble thoughts had learned To form themselves in pray'r.
And af - ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleasing theme re - new.

CHORUS.

Through all e - ter - ni-ty, through all e - ter - ni - ty Will
Through all e - ter - ni-ty, Through all e - ter - ni - ty Will

I a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,
I a - dore a - dore and praise; Through all e - ter - ni - ty,

Through all e - ter - ni - ty, A joy - ful song I'll raise.
Through all e - ter - ni - ty,

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No. 151. VICTORY THROUGH LOYALTY.

N. A. McA. Rev. N. A. McAulay.

1. Where Je-sus leads we glad - ly go With heart and pur-pose strong;
2. With cheerful hearts we fol - low Him Who died up - on the tree;
3. Oh, Sav - ior, help us work for Thee, Our hearts with love in-flame—

With hope, and trust and zeal im-bued, And "Loy-al-ty" our song.
His bless - ed Cross we hold a - loft That all the world may see.
Till ev - 'ry soul shall know the truth, And learn Thy gra-cious name.

CHORUS.

Sing all ye ran-somed throng, Let love the strains pro-long, Till

Repeat Chorus pp.

Christ and His be - lov - ed Church Shall gain the vic - to - ry.

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No. 152. RICHES OF GRACE.

E. E. HEWITT. ADAM GEIBEL.

DUET. *Andante.*

1. Grace "more abounding!" O who can tell Blessings that language and
2. Love passing knowledge, so deep, so high; Love that was will-ing for
3. Peace like a riv - er, so broad, so calm, Bearing for sor - row a
4. Life, as its moments shall on-ward run, Bringing its changes of

thought ex - cel, Joys that in Je - sus for - ev - er dwell,
me to die; Love that will lift my poor soul on high,
heal-ing balm; Wak-ing the notes of a grate - ful psalm,
shade and sun; Strike the glad key, heaven's song be - gun,

CHORUS. *p*

Wonderful riches of grace. Riches of grace, boundless and free,

Cres. *f* *p* *p*

In my dear Sav-ior, are promised me; Rich-es of grace,

mf

boundless and free, Treasures for time and e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 153. I AM FREE.

M. W. MILLER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I was glad when I heard God had giv - en His word, And from
In my weak-ness I came, And in Je - sus' dear name, From the
2. I was filled with un - rest, And my soul was distressed, Till I
Till I knew in my soul God had pow'r to make whole, And would
3. Tho' a child of the King, Yet my soul could not sing Of this
Till His word I believed, And the bless - ing re-ceived Of a
4. I am free! I am free! Je - sus' love cleanseth me, And I
Hal-le - lu - jah! I know I am whit - er than snow, Yes, I

CHORUS.

e - vil would cleanse e-ven me;
bond-age of sin I am free.
found perfect cleansing from sin;
cleanse me from e - vil with-in.
won - der - ful pow'r from a-bove,
heart clean and filled with His love.
walk in the light of His love;
know I am cleansed from a-bove.

I am free, Hal - le -

I am free,

lu - jah! I am free, From the bond - age of sin I am

free; I am cleansed from a - bove, I am

Hal - le - lu - jah!

filled with His love, Thro' the blood of the Lamb I am free.

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No. 154. THE HARVEST TIME IS COMING.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. If we could but sure - ly know That from seed our hands may sow,
2. Tho' we sow in pain and tears, Thro' the long and wea - ry years,
3. Then, as on thro' life we go, Let our hands un-falt'ring sow,

We should gath-er grain for gar - ners in the sky, Would we
There is One who hears His chil-dren's faint-ing cry, And His
And our hearts up - on His prom - is - es re - ly; Cheer the

count our toil and care, Or our faith - ful la - bor spare In the
prom - is - es are plain, That our toil shall not be vain, When the
way with hap - py song, For our toil will not be long, And the

CHORUS.

pros-pect of the reap-ing by and by? Har-vest time is
har-vest shall be gathered by and by.
har-vest time is com-ing by and by. Har - vest time is sure-ly

com-ing, it is com-ing by and by When we'll reap with joy - ful
com - ing.

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The Harvest Time is coming.

song, or saddened cry; . . . . . Let us heed, then, how we sow, For the
by and by;

seed will surely grow, And the har-vest time is com-ing by and by.

No. 155. I LOVE THEE.

Rev. J. A. Granade.

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord; I love Thee, Thou
2. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, O wondrous ac-count! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Sav-ior, with Thee I am blest! My life and sal-
4. O who's like my Sav-ior? He's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and He

blest One, By ser-aphs a - dored; I love Thee, I love Thee, and
mor - tal; I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treas-ure, and
va - tion, my joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and Thy
loves me, and helps me to sing; I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him in

that Thou dost know; But how much I love Thee I nev-er can show.
long to be there With Je - sus, the joy of im - mor-tals to share.
love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
strains loud and long, While heav-en, all heav-en re - ech-oes the song.

No. 156. THOU HAST DIED FOR ME.

E. E. HEWITT. E. E. HEWITT.

1. Thou hast died for me, my Sav-ior, Let me lin - ger at Thy cross;
2. May this world, a fleet-ing bub-ble, Lose its false il - lu-sive charms,
3. O 'tis bless-ed thus to tar - ry, At my Sav-ior's wounded side;
4. Here I view the fount-ain flow-ing, That shall make my garments white;

Learning here Thy wondrous fa-vor, Counting earthly gain but loss.
While I find in ev - 'ry troub-le Com-fort in Thy lov-ing arms.
All my need to Him I car - ry; He will ev - 'ry good pro-vide.
Here the morning skies are glowing With the dawn of heaven's light.

CHORUS.

Lamb of God . . . . . for sin - ners slain, ... Cleanse my
Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain,

soul . . . . . from ev - 'ry stain; . . . . . Take a -
Cleanse my soul from ev - 'ry stain, from ev - 'ry stain;

way all sin - ful dross, While I lin - ger at Thy cross.

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No. 157. THE LORD BLESS THEE AND KEEP THEE.

WALTER SHIRLEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Spirited.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;
May the fruits of Thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound;
Borne on an - gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the summons to o - bey,

O re-fresh us, O re fresh us, Traveling thro' this wil-der-ness.
May Thy presence, May Thy presence With us ev - er-more be found.
May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in endless day.

REFRAIN. *Slowly and Softly.*

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, The Lord bless thee and keep thee;

The Lord make His face shine upon thee, And be gra-cious un - to thee.

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No. 158. ON THE HEIGHTS.

JENNIE WILSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Tho' we're tent-ing a-while in the val-ley of time, We shall
2. Look-ing far o'er the plains of the fair Beu-lah land, We shall
3. Gaz-ing back o'er the way by our wea-ry feet pressed, We shall
4. O my comrades, press on, filled with courage and cheer, We shall

stand on the heights by and by; To our sight will unfold scenes of
stand on the heights by and by, View-ing pal-a-ces built by our
stand on the heights by and by, See-ing clear-ly the path for us
stand on the heights by and by; "Welcome home to e-ter-ni-ty's

beau-ty sub-lime, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
kind Fa-ther's hand, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
cho-sen was best, We shall stand on the heights by and by.
rest," we shall hear, When we stand on the heights by and by.

CHORUS.

We shall stand on the heights, on those glo-ri-ous heights We by

faith in the dis-tance de-scry; Tho' the journey seem long, with a

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On the Heights.

shout and n song, We shall stand on the heights by and by.

No. 159. LEAD ON!

JAMES ROWE. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. Sav - ior, still I will fol-low Thee, Lead on, lead on!
2. All my soul, precious Lord, is Thine, Lead on, lead on!
3. Nei-ther cour-age nor faith I lack, Lead on, lead on!

Lead on, lead on!

Tho' at times I but dim - ly see, Lead on,..... lead on! .... .
Ways of sin can no more be mine, Lead on,..... lead on!.....
Noth-ing, Savior, can turn me back, Lead on,..... lead on!.....

Lead on, O Lord, lead on!

What tho' path and sky be drear, If Thy cheering voice I hear,
Should I faint, or weakened be, Thou'lt re-vive or strengthen me;
What - so-e'er the way may be, While I live I'll fol - low Thee,

Still I'll fol - low, Sav - ior dear, Lead, lead on!
Lord, I'm ful - ly trust - ing Thee, Lead, lead on!
And in death my cry shall be, Lead, lead on!

Lead, O lead, lead on!

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No 160. AS A SHEPHERD.

ROBT. MORRIS, L. L. D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL. 1874.

1. As a shepherd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;
2. Near the well of cool-ing wa - ter, In the sul - try noon of day,
3. If up - on the crag-gy mountain, A - ny lam - kins flee a - way,

All His bless-ings, as they need them, On the lambs He will be - stow.
Ev - 'ry lit - tle son and daughter, With the gentle One shall stay.
Je - sus, from the cool-ing fount-ain, Will o'ertake them where they stray,

In His bo - som, when they languish, Precious children He will take,
Shepherd strong He will de-fend them, Tho' the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will restore each babe, for - giv - en, From the wild and ston-y waste,

Where no blight, nor sin, nor anguish A - ny sor - row can a-wake.
Shep-herd kind, He will at-tend them, Bring them safe-ly to the fold.
And with - in the fold of heav-en. Bring the darling home at last.

CHORUS.

As a shep-herd He will lead them, To green pastures they shall go;

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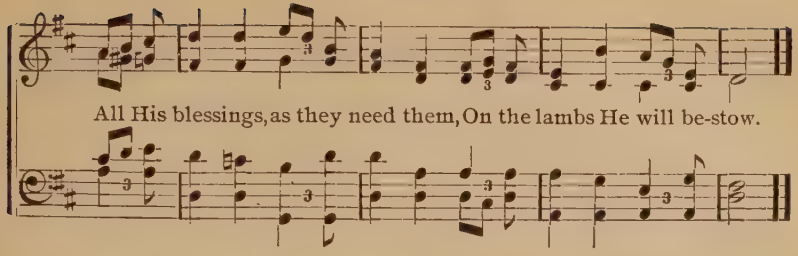
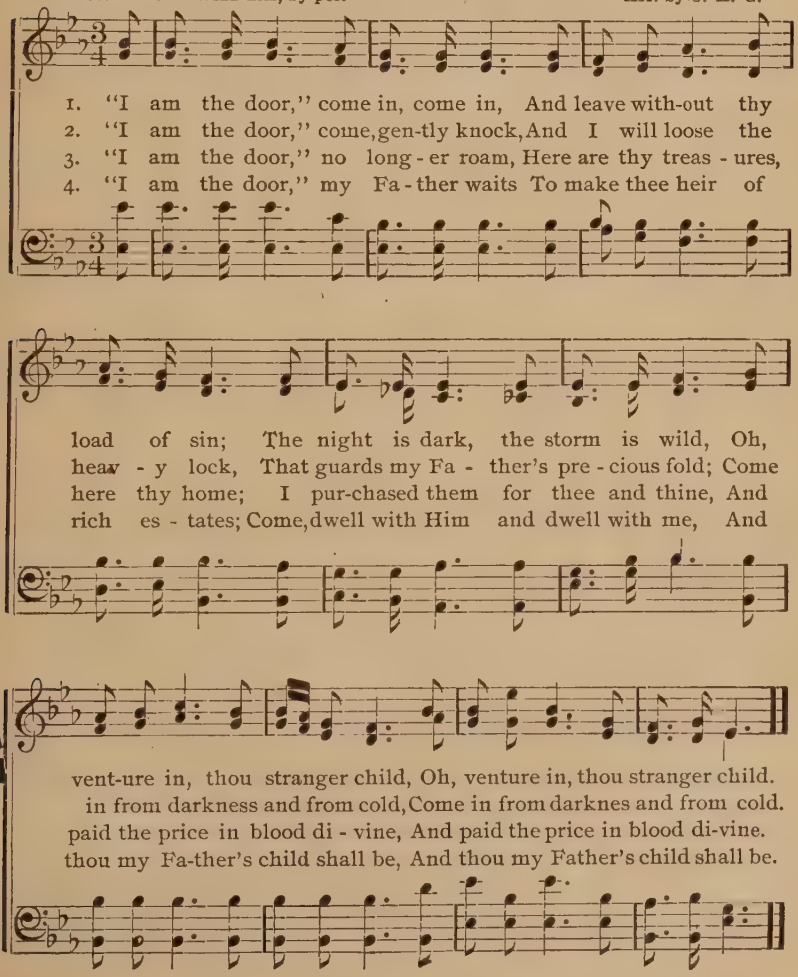
As a Shepherd.



No. 161. I AM THE DOOR,

Rev. Dwight Williams, by per. Arr. by C. H. G.



No. 162. UNTO THE LORD.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Un - to the Lord our King, Prais-es u - nit - ed sing For bless-ings
2. Holding our ban- ner high, Shouting our bat-tle cry Of "Loy - al-

He is show'ring on our way; Under His wing we'll hide, Safe in His
ty to Je-sus!" as we go; Marching at His command We shall pos-

love a - bide, When sor-row veils the beauty of the day.
sess the land, And Sa-tan's kingdom surely o - ver-throw.

CHORUS.

Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Sin has lost the pow'r of condemnation;

Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Thro' the love of Him who once was slain;

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Unto the Lord.

Mag-ni-fy! glo-ri-fy! Laud and praise His name in ad-o-ra - tion!

FINE.

Un-to Him, un-to Him Men and angels shout the glad refrain.

May be sung as a unison Solo.

Safe in His strong and ev - er - last - ing arms, Sin has no
He is a Rock, a strong and might-y Tow'r! Saved by His

ter - rors, death has no a - larms, Trust - ing in Him whose
grace, kept by Al-might - y pow'r: Whom shall we fear? what

D. S. CHORUS.

promise cannot fail, We're safe tho' the hosts of sin as - sail.
du - ty may appall? We'll praise Him and crown Him Lord of all.

No. 163. MERCIES OF THE LORD.

JENNIE WILSON. E. C. AVIS.

1. I will sing of the mercies of the Lord: As the number of the
2. I will sing of His rich, unbounded grace, Which for sinful ones their
3. I will sing of the blessings of His love, On my spir-it fall-ing
4. I will sing of the nev-er-fail-ing pow'r, That se-cure from ev-'ry

:8:

sands up-on the shore Of a vast and mighty sea are His
cost-ly ran-som paid; In the sac-ri-fi-cial tide flow-ing
like re-fresh-ing dew; I will sing of light di-vine glow ing
harm doth guard my soul, And will keep me till I stand safe up-

D. S.—And my grate-ful voice I raise un-to

FINE.

ben-e-fits to me, And I will ex-alt His name for-ev-er-more.
when my Sav-ior died, All my hope of ev-er-last-ing life is stayed.
on this path of mine, As, re-joic-ing, I my upward course pur-sue.
on the deathless strand Where the armies of the blest their King ex-tol.

Him in notes of praise, As His ten-der lov-ing kindness I would own.

REFRAIN.

I will sing of the mer-cies of the Lord,
of the Lord,

D. S.

Countless gifts from His dear hand my life has known;
life has known;

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No. 164. FAITH, THE VICTORY.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. By faith the wounded Christ I see, Who all my sins and sorrows bore,
2. I know my grievous debt was paid When He expired on Cal-va - ry;
3. Thou pard'ning One, whose cleans-ing blood Suf-fi - cient is for ev-'ry stain;
4. Lord, grant me e'er to rest in Thee, To trust Thee still thro' light or gloom;

That mine might be the vic - to - ry O'er Sa-tan's hosts for-ev - er-more.
My doubts and fears are all al-layed, Thro' faith He gives the vic-to - ry.
By faith I plunge beneath the flood, And vic-t'ry o - ver sin I gain.
And faith shall be my vic - to - ry Where-by the world is o-ver-come.

CHORUS.

The vic - to - ry! the vic - to - ry! Faith is the soul's great vic-to - ry!

Yea, more than conq'rors we shall be, Thro' faith in Christ our Lord.

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No. 165. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name.||
   Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our daily | bread.||
   And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from evil:||
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,
   for- | ever, and | ever, A- | men.

No. 166. HOLY DAY OF PRAYER.

JOHN ELLERTON. S. G. SMITH.

1. This is the day of light; Let there be light to - day;
2. This is the day of rest; Our failing strength renew;
3. This is the day of peace; Thy peace our spir - its fill;

the day of light;
the day of rest;
the day of peace;

O Day-spring, rise up - on our sight, And chase the gloom a-way
On wea - ry brain and troubled breast Shed Thou thy fresh'ning dew.
Bid Thou the blasts of dis-cord cease, The waves of strife be still.

CHORUS.

Ho - - ly Sab-bath day, ... Ho - ly Sab - bath,
Ho - ly Sabbath day, Ho-ly Sab-bath day, Ho - ly Sabbath, ho - ly

day of prayer, We lift our hearts to seek Thee there;
Sabbath, bless-ed day of prayer, our hearts to seek Thee there;

May be used as a Coda only.

Come down and meet us here. This ho - ly day, this day of prayer.

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No. 167. COME FORTH.

FLORA B. HARRIS. C. D. EMERSON.

1. As one who sleeps a - mid the dead, My soul in bond-age lay;
2. The liv-ing words came leaping thro' The bar - riers of the grave;
3. A - bove me leaned in - car-nate love, To seal my glad re - lease;

:S: FINE.

For me no res - ur - rec-tion dawn Il-lumed the shad-ows gray;
My spir - it, stir - ring in the dark, Knew He had come to save;
And as I raised a - dor - ing eyes, He bade me go in peace.

D. S.—O sleep-er in the grave, awake; Come forth! come forth! be free!"

When thro' the si-lence thrilled a voice My heart had heard be - fore,
The pris-on stone was rolled a - way, Rent were my swathing bands;
Lord of the liv - ing and the dead, Re-ceive Thy ransomed thrall;

For 'twas the Christ whose footsteps paused Be-side my o - pen door.
And as a brightness shone around, I felt His pierc-ed hands.
Take Thou the freedom won for me, For Thou art all in all.

CHORUS. D. S.

"Come forth! come forth! I bid thee rise; Thy Sav - ior speaks to thee;

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No. 168. GOD IS GOOD.

Rev. Wm. Apple. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Come, sing it out with heart and voice, God is good, God is good;
2. O make it known from shore to shore, God is good, God is good;
3. Come, spread the news on wings of song, God is good, God is good;

Come, let us make a joy - ful noise, God is good, God is good; A-
Come, let us sing it o'er and o'er, God is good, God is good; He
Let ev - 'ry voice the note pro-long, God is good, God is good; For

rise, my soul, in grate-ful lays, Let ev-'ry voice burst forth in praise To
came from heaven's glorious throne, He came to make His mercy known, To
ev-'ry need He will pro-vide, Thro' ev-'ry maze se-cure - ly guide, In

Chorus.
Girls.

Him who crowns with love our days, For God is good. God is good,
res - cue and re-deem His own; Yes, He is good.
His pa - vil - ion safe - ly hide, For God is good.

Boys. Girls. Boys. All.

God is good, God is good, God is good; Come, sing it out with heart and voice!

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God is Good.

GIRLS. BOYS. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

God is good, God is good, God is good! God is good! God is good!

No. 169. DRAW ME NEARER.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. I want my heart made pur-er, Lord, More sanc-ti - fied by Thee,
2. I know my earth-ly sight is dim, But Thou the blind can'st heal,
3. So cleanse me by thy wondrous grace, From sin so set me free,

Till thro' the mist - y doubts of earth, Thy glo - ry I may see.
And clear - ly to my long-ing soul, Thy-self Thou can'st re-veal.
That I in all His ho - li - ness My bless-ed Lord may see.

CHORUS.

So draw me near - er, near - er, Make my path-way clear - er;

Oh, draw me near - er, near - er, My bless - ed Lord to Thee.

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No. 170. JESUS LEADS.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Marching on a-gainst the foe— Je - sus leads; Lay the haugh-ty
2. Right against sin's frowning wall, Je - sus leads; You must fol - low
3. You must face an- an- gry world, Je - sus leads; Fie - ry darts a-

for- tress low, Je - sus leads. Guid - ed on by His command,
at His call, Je - sus leads. Lay the shrine of Mam- mon low,
gainst you hurled, Je - sus leads. You will con- quer in His name,

Show your love by grateful deeds, Claim His right to ev - 'ry land,
By His might the truth succeeds, He will van-quish ev - 'ry foe,
Hark! His mes-sage onward speeds, And your joy - ful shouts proclaim,

CHORUS.

Je - sus leads. Je - sus leads, Je - sus
Je - sus leads, yes, Je - sus leads! Je - sus leads, yes,

leads! Make His won-drous pow-er known, Je - sus leads!
Je - sus leads!

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No. 171. ONWARD CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. For-ward, Christian workers, Quit yourselves like men, Wielding gos-pel
2. Might - y re-in-force-ments Thrill the church with cheer; Freshly press the
3. Trust-ing in his prowess, Home and na-tion rest; Fu - ture a - ges
4. Rout and pan - ic seize them, All the hosts of wrong; Soon for you the

weapons, Force the fight a - gain; Yours are strength and dar - ing,
vet-'rans, Not a sign of fear; Thinned by age and death-stroke,
sig - nal Each to do his best; Hast - en earth's re - demp-tion,
conquest, Soon the vic-tor's song; What are toils or dan - gers,

Con - fi - dent and free; Rouse to splendid ac - tion, Fer-vid loy-al - ty!
Ranks fill up with youth; Sons in fathers' plac-es, Stand defending truth!
Bring the per - fect law; Speed millennial glo-ries, Visions prophets saw.
Marches, wounds or pain? Christ is near his triumph, You with him shall reign.

Chorus.

On - ward, Chris-tian work - ers, Raise your bat - tle cry;

Look - ing up to Je - sus, Lift your stand - ard high.

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No. 172. SAILING O'ER THE OCEAN.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out up-on the o - cean of life, with flowing sail, Swift-ly we are driv-
2. Tho' the storms, up-ris-ing in fu - ry, beat around, And the rolling thun-
3. Staunch and true the vessel that bears us o'er the tide! Soon we'll cast the an-

ing be - fore the heav'nly gale; Hid-den rocks of dan - ger, nor
ders a-wake with clashing sound, Brightly shines the bea - con up-
chor up - on the oth - er side! Then, with all the ran-som'd, for-

cor - al reefs a-larm,—Christ is at the wheel! We are safe from ev-'ry harm!
on the oth - er shore, And our songs of praise rise above the o-cean's roar.
ev - er we will sing Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to our e - ter- nal King!

CHORUS.

Sail - - - - ing o'er the o - cean of life,
Sailing o'er the o - cean, sail-ing o'er the o - cean of life,

Fear - ing not the wave or seething foam;
Fear-ing not the dan-ger of the rest - less wave or seeth-ing foam;

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Sailing O'er the Ocean.

Christ, ... our Pi - lot, stands at the wheel,
Christ, our trust-y Pi - lot, Christ, our Pi - lot, stands at the wheel,

Hal - le - - lu - jah! we are go - ing home.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! we are go - ing home.

No. 173. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
{ And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, [*Omit* . . . . .]

FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 174. BE NOT AFRAID.

Rev. Alfred J. Hough. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Come weal, come woe wher-e'er we go, God is not far a - way; He
2. Tho' clouds may veil the stars that sail O'er boundless seas of space, And
3. Thro' changing years, in joy and tears, The changeless One abides, And

holds the stormy winds that blow, And molds the golden day. The darkest night to
lights a-long all shores may fail, God will not hide His face; But sweet-ly whispers
safe the soul from doubts and fears That in His bosom hides. On noisy street, in

Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade, He speaks in tones of tender might,
while His hands Upon His own are laid, "Lo! at thy side thy Father stands,
still retreat, Thro' vales of deepest shade, That voice is heard with accents sweet,

Chorus.

"My child, be not a-fraid." Be not a - fraid, Be not a - fraid,
My child, be not a-fraid."
"My child, be not a-fraid." Child, be not, be not afraid, Child, be not, be not afraid.

The darkest night to Him is light, And thro' the shine or shade, Be not a - fraid,
Child, be not, be not afraid.

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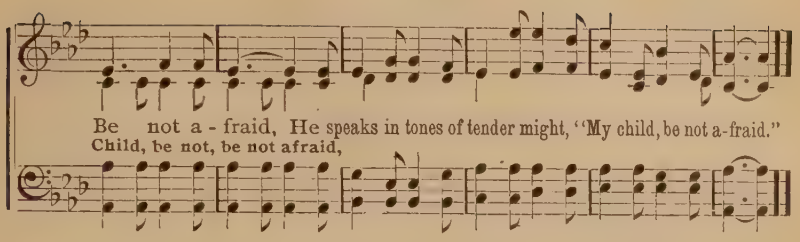
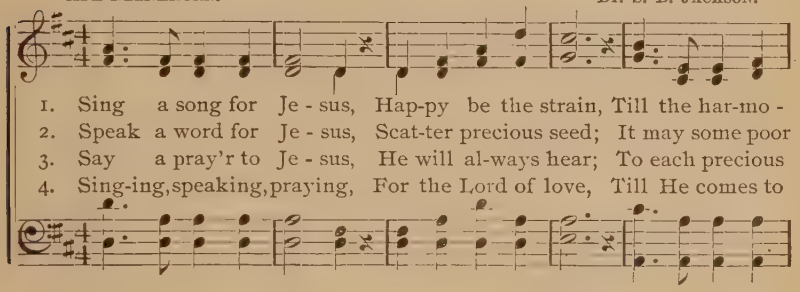
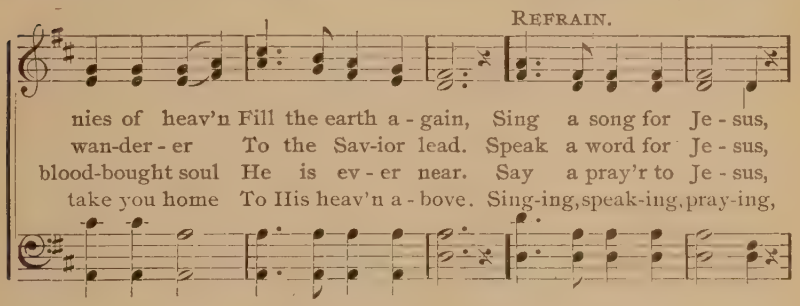
Be Not Afraid.

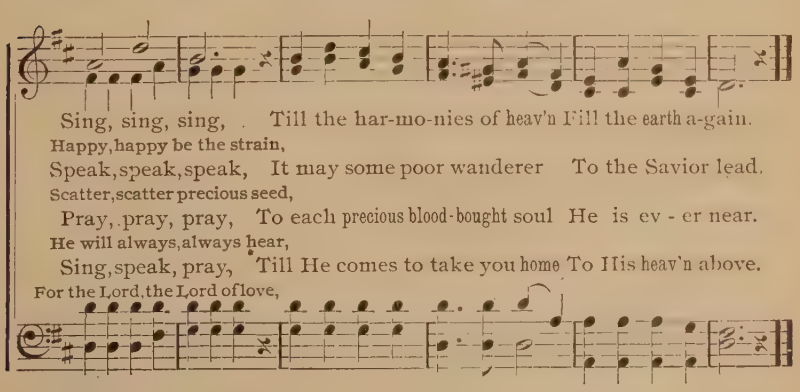


No. 175. SINGING, SPEAKING, PRAYING.

ADA BLENKHORN. DR. S. B. JACKSON.







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No. 176. WILL YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN?

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Will you do what you can for the Mas - ter's cause, Will you help to res - cue the lost in sin? Will you gird on the ar - mor and go with pray'r That you may some soul from destruction win?
2. You have tast - ed the sweets of the Sav - ior's love, You have felt the glad - ness of sins for-giv'n; Will you do what you can oth - er souls to win, Pointing them to joys that a - wait in heav'n?
3. Will you do what you can for the wan - der - er, Who has left the way that the Mas - ter trod? Will you scat-ter the rays of the light di - vine, That may lead the prod-i - gal back to God?

CHORUS. *Bass Solo.*

Yes, I'll glad - ly gladly work for Je - sus, For He gave His life, His life up-on the tree, I will nev - er

Yes, I'll glad - - ly work for Je - - sus, Who gave His life up - on the tree, ... I will nev - - er grow a -

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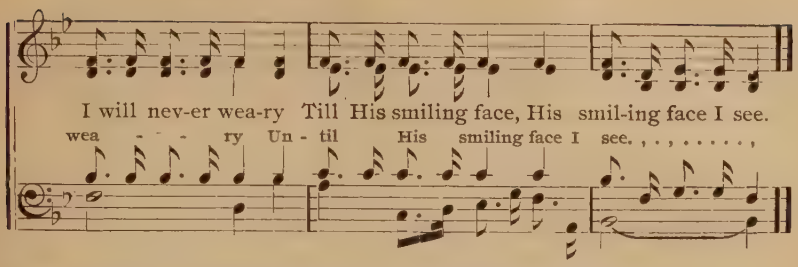
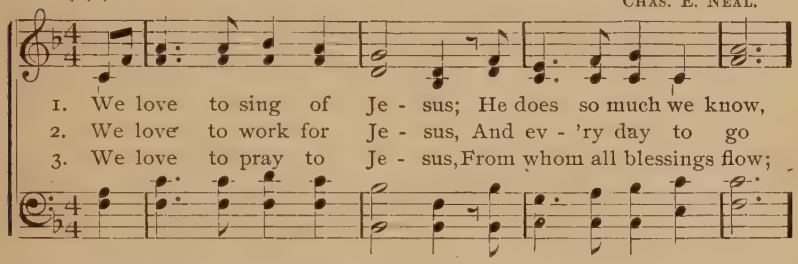
Will You Do What You Can?

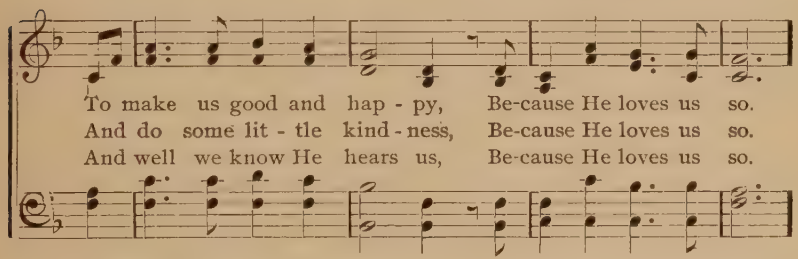


No. 177. BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

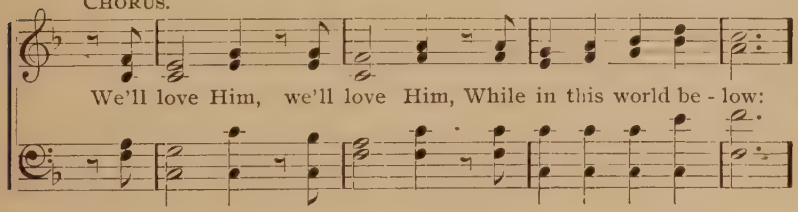
* * *

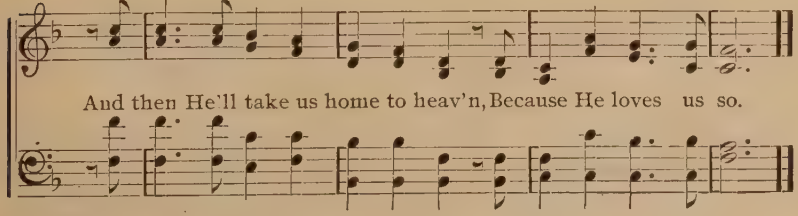
CHAS. E. NEAL.





CHORUS.





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No. 178. ROCK OF AGES.

A. M TOPLADY.

1. Rock of A - ges, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
2. Could my tears,.... Could my tears for-ev- er flow,
3. While I draw .... this fleet - - ing breath,

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the
Could my zeal no lan - - - guor know, These for
When my eyes shall close in death, When I

Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

wa - - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,
sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

Rit.

Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

CHORUS.

Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in Thee,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide, oh, let me hide in Thee,

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Rock of Ages.

Rit.

Rock of A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 179. JESUS SAVES ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have no mer - it of my own, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
2. He is the Truth, the Life, the Way, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
3. When in the Judgment I shall stand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

I'm saved by Him and Him a - lone, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
It fills my soul with joy to say, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!
I shall be safe at God's right hand, My on - ly plea is Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me, I am hap - py on my homeward
Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

way! Yes, Je - - sus saves me, Glo - ry to His name!
Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day,

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No. 180. THE MASTER IS CALLING.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. My broth-er, the Mas-ter is call-ing for thee, Call-ing for
2. The Mas-ter is call-ing, O make Him your choice; Call-ing for
3. The Mas-ter is call-ing, the Mas-ter who gave—Call-ing for

thee, He is call-ing for thee; The full-ness of rich-es He of-fers you
thee, He is call-ing for thee; If you will accept Him, your soul will re
thee, He is call-ing for thee; His life for the sin-ner, the might-y to-

free,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; He lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly
joice,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; He's wait-ing so pa-tient-ly
save,—He's call-ing for thee, for thee; Ac-cept Him, my broth-er, get

calls you to-day, O will you ac-cept Him? how can you de-lay!
now to re-ceive; O fly to Him, brother, look up and be-lieve.
un-der the blood, Be white as the snow thro' the soul-cleansing flood.

Chorus.

Call - - ing for thee, He's call - - ing for
Call-ing for thee, He's call-ing for thee, the Mas-ter is call-ing, is

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The Master is Calling.

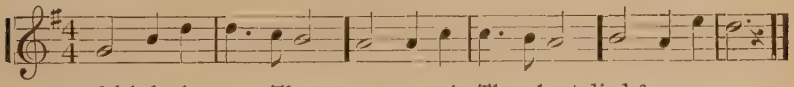
thee! . . . O haste to His feet and in pen-i-tence bow, For He's
call - ing for thee!

call - - - ing now; . . Call - - ing for
call - ing He's call - ing thee now, just now; Call - ing for thee, He is

thee, ... He is call - - ing for thee . . . . So
call - ing for thee, The Mas - ter is call - ing, is call-ing for thee, So

lov - ing-ly, ten - der-ly call - - ing for thee. . . . . .
lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing, He's call-ing for thee, for thee.

No. 181. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine;
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee away.

No. 182. CLINGING TO HIS PROMISE.

IDA L. REED. PHILIP PHILLIPS, MUS. DOC.

1. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Trust-ing in His word; Ev-er-more I'm
2. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Trust-ing more and more, Hiding in His
3. Cling-ing to His prom-ise, Look-ing up to Him, Trusting in His

rest-ing, Rest-ing in the Lord. Fol-low-ing His guid-ing,
shad-ow Till life's storms are o'er. List'ning to His coun-sel,
guid-ance When the way is dim. Clouds may round me gath-er,

E'er con-tent to be In His love a-bid-ing,
Wait-ing at His feet; E'er His will o-bey-ing;
But they can-not harm; He will keep me safe-ly,

CHORUS.

Thro' His mer-cy free. Cling-ing to His prom-ise,
O the hours are sweet.
Shel-tered by His arm.

Trusting day by day, Glad-ly I'll go forward; Love will light the way.

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No. 183. LEAD ME, SAVIOR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen- tly lead me all the way;
2 Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side,
I am safe when thou art nigh,
To the land of end- less day,
I am safe when by thy side,

CHORUS.

I would in thy love a-bide. Lead me, lead me,
All my hopes on thee re- ly.
Where all tears are wiped a-way
I would in thy love a-bide.

Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.... Gen - tly down the stream of
lest I stray;

rit e dim.

time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. (all the way.)

No. 184. IN THE BOOK OF THE KING.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The world and its pleasures be-fore you may stand In brill-iant and tempt-ing ar-ray, And you at its al-tar may willing-ly bow, Your heart's dearest homage to pay. The best and the brightest the world can af-ford, No peace to your spir-it will bring, Till you settle the
2. In vain will you seek for a heav-en of rest, When toss'd on life's per-il-ous wave; In vain will you call on the cold careless world, Your life from destruc-tion to save: The deep mocking ech-o of joys that are fled, In your heart will unceasingly ring, Till you settle the
3. O lis-ten to-day to the voice of your Lord; He call-eth you now to His side; O'er life's stormy sea to the har-bor of peace, He'll true-ly and faith-ful-ly guide. And the an-gel of love ev-er more in your soul In sweet hal-le-lu-jahs will sing, When you settle the

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In the Book of the King.

Ad lib.

question, my friend, that I ask–"Is your name in the book of the King?"
question, my friend, that I ask–"Is your name in the book of the King?"
question, my friend, that I ask–"Is your name in the book of the King?"

CHORUS.

Is your name..... in the book of the King? Is your
in the book,

name..... in the book of the King? Will you an-swer the
in the book,

Rit.

question, my friend, that I ask–"Is your name in the book of the King?"

No. 185. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

THOMAS KELLEY. ELISHA S. RICE.

1. Hark! the notes of an - gels sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!"
2. Filled with ho - ly em - u - la - tion, Let us vie with those a - bove;

All in heav'n their tribute bringing, Rais-ing high the Sav-ior's name.
Sweet the theme, a free sal- va-tion, Fruit of ev - er - last - ing love.

DUET.

Ye for whom His life was giv - en, Sa-cred themes to you be - long;
End-less life in Him possess-ing, Let us praise His pre-cious name;

Come, as - sist the choirs of heav-en; Join the ev - er - last - ing song.
Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless-ing, Be for- ev - er to the Lamb.

CHORUS

Crown the Sav - ior, an-gels crown Him, Rich the tro-phies Je-sus brings;

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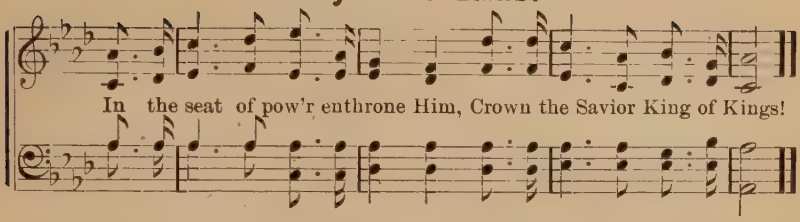
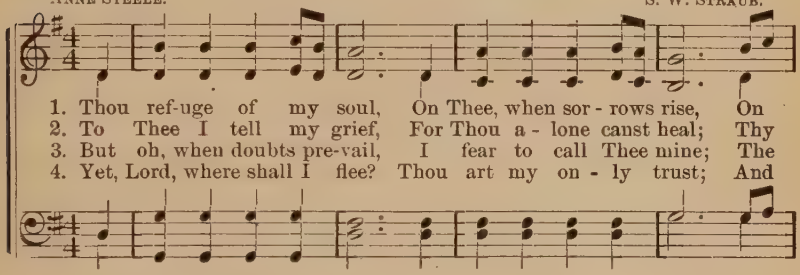
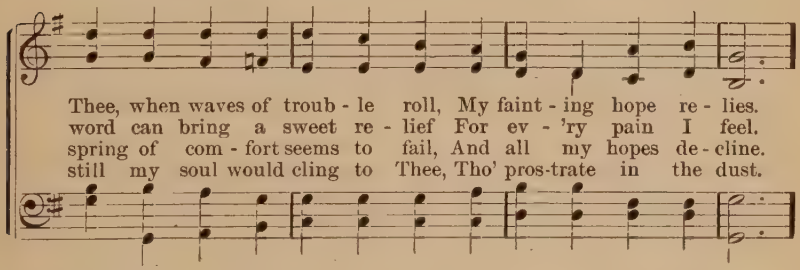
Glory to the Lamb.



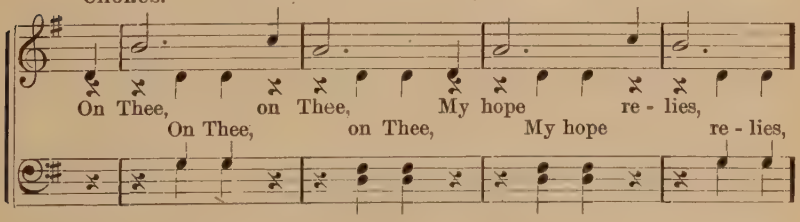
No. 186. THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

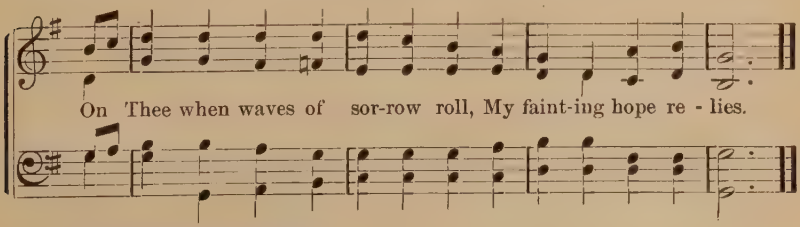
ANNE STEELE. S. W. STRAUB.





CHORUS.





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No. 187. BRIGHT ANGELS.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

A In a mid-night dungeon low, Paul and Si - las lay;
N Dan - iel in the li - on's den, Slept with-out a - larm;
G Down to Lot, in So-dom, came An - gels from on high,
E Chained in Her - od's pris - on cell, Pray - ing Pe - ter see;
L Je - sus lay with - in the tomb, Near the dawn of day,
S When the Sav - ior in a cloud, 'Rose to heav'n a - bove,

But an an - gel broke the bars, And struck their chains a-way.
God had sent His an-gels down, To shel - ter him from harm.
Say - ing God would burn with fire, That cit - y by and by.
But an an - gel burst the gate, And shout - ed "fol-low me."
But an an - gel came from God, And roll'd the stone a - way.
An - gels said He should a-gain, De-scend with peace and love.

CHORUS.

Oh, an - gels, bright an - gels are watch-ing from a - bove;

Oh, an - gels, bright an - gels are mes - sen-gers of love.

NOTE.—"Bright Angels" should be sung by six little girls appropriately dressed, and arranged conspicuously upon the platform. Let six floral wreaths or crowns be prepared, each having one of the letters contained in the word "Angels" fixed upon it. Immediately after singing her stanza, let the appropriate crown be placed upon each girl's head. All the school should sing in chorus.

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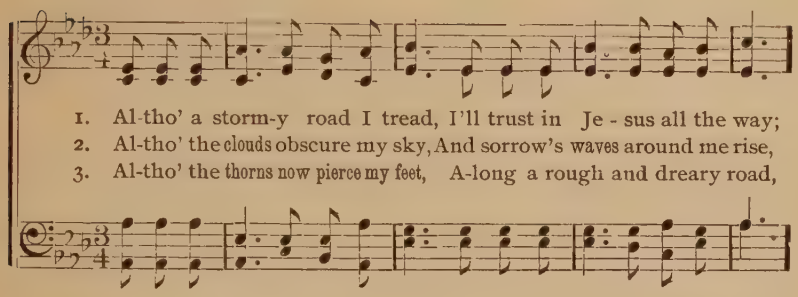
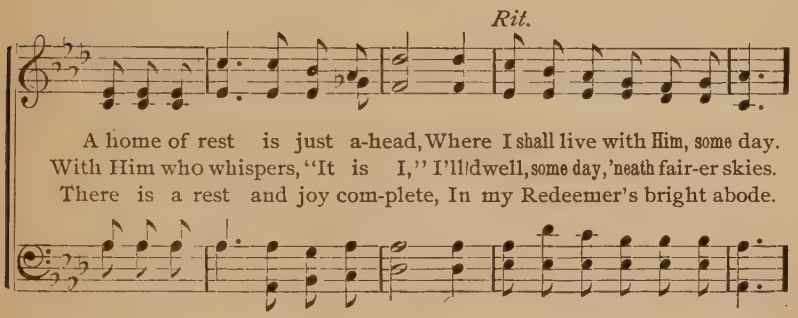
No. 188. I'LL BEAR THE CROSS.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Rev. W. S. Nickle.

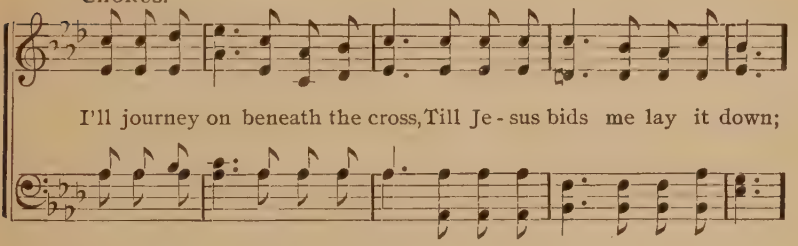


1. Al-tho' a storm-y road I tread, I'll trust in Je - sus all the way;
2. Al-tho' the clouds obscure my sky, And sorrow's waves around me rise,
3. Al-tho' the thorns now pierce my feet, A-long a rough and dreary road,

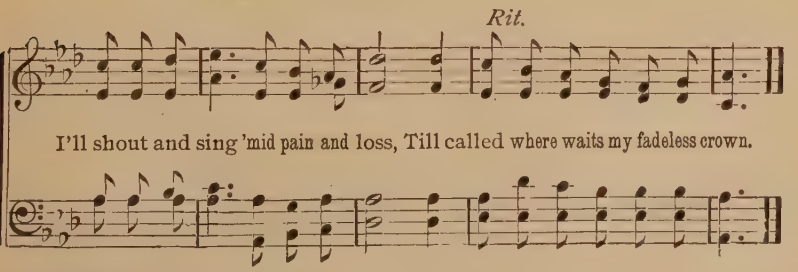


A home of rest is just a-head, Where I shall live with Him, some day.
With Him who whispers, "It is I," I'll dwell, some day, 'neath fair-er skies.
There is a rest and joy com-plete, In my Redeemer's bright abode.

Chorus.



I'll journey on beneath the cross, Till Je - sus bids me lay it down;



I'll shout and sing 'mid pain and loss, Till called where waits my fadeless crown.

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No. 189. FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

JESSIE H. BROWN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Out to the conflict with brave hearts we go, Fac-ing the ar-mies of the
2. Out to the conflict,—we go not a-lone; An-gels of God are close at
3. Out to the conflict in Christ's name we go, Chanting the victor's song of

Wrong; For he that be-liev-eth the bless-ing receiveth,—Faith makes the
hand; For he that en-dur-eth the promise se-cur-eth,—Faith claims the
praise; For he that be-liev-eth the vic-t'ry achieveth,—E'en now our

CHORUS.

weak-est sol-dier strong. Faith is the vic-to-ry! now be the
conq'ring heav-'nly band.
shout of joy we raise!

banner wide unfurled! Faith is the victory! by it we'll overcome the world!

For he that believeth on Jesus the Son, Already hath the vict'ry won.

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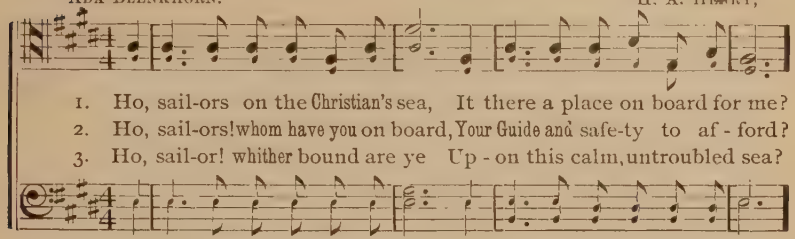
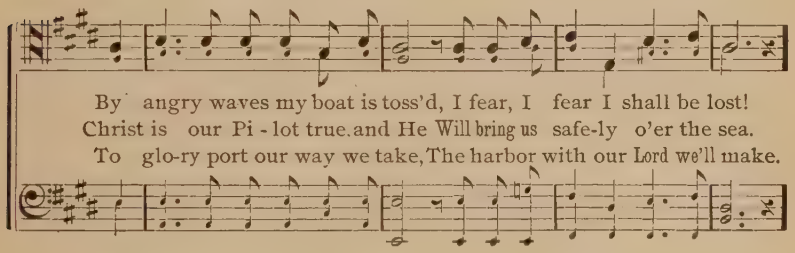
No. 190. THERE'S ROOM ON BOARD.

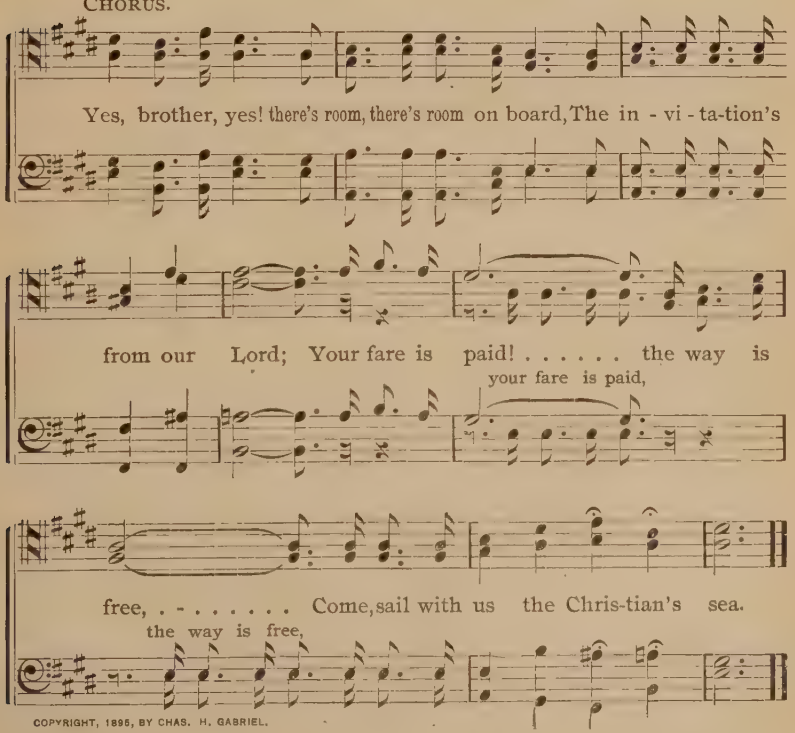
The stanzas should be sung by two separate quartetts, singing alternately the questions and answers. All unite on the chorus.

ADA BLENKHORN. H. A. HENRY,





CHORUS.



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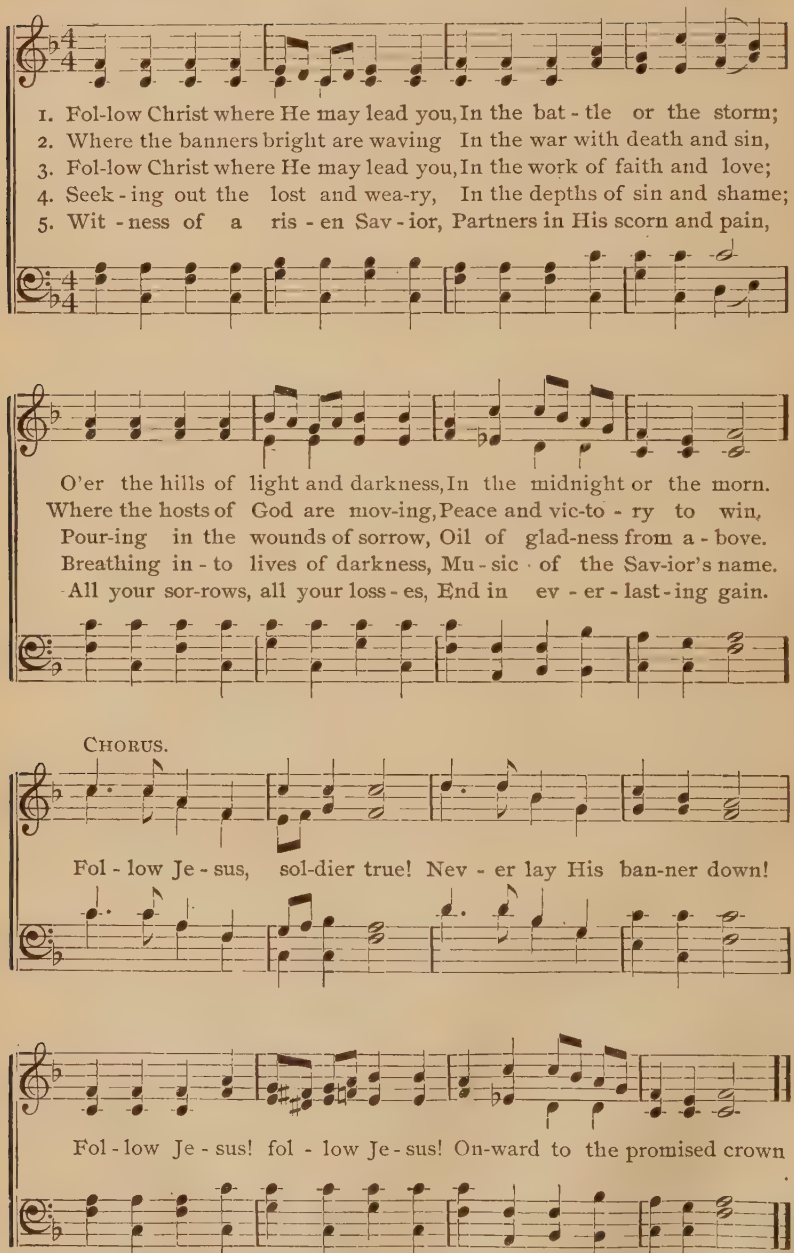
No. 191. FOLLOW JESUS!

FRED WOODROW. W. A. OGDEN.



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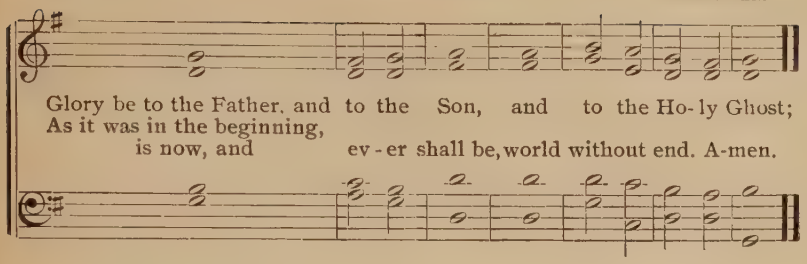
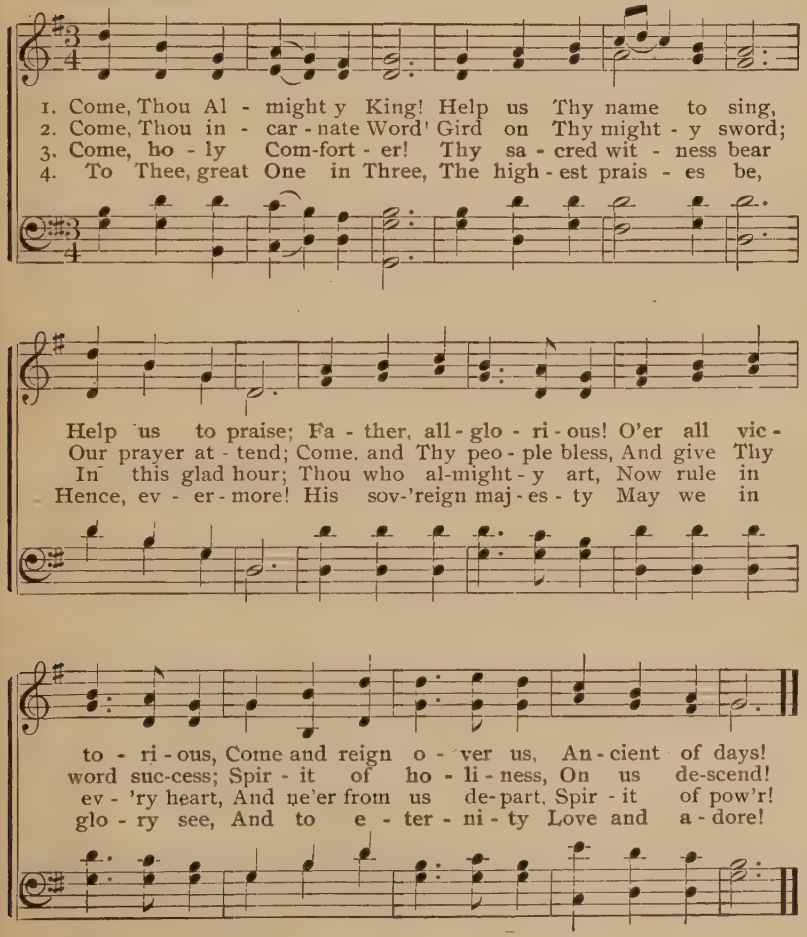
No. 192. GLORIA PATRI.

GREGORIAN.



No. 193. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING!

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



No. 194. BLESSED THOUGHT.

JAMES ROWE. Dr. S. B. JACKSON.

1. When my heart with heavy care is la - den, And my eyes for tears but dim-ly see, How my heart is lightened, How my eyes are brightened, By the tho't that Je-sus cares for me. Bless-ed thought, ... O bless-ed thought, ... How it sat - is - fies this soul of mine, Bless - ed thought, ... O bless - ed

2. If mis-for-tunes come, or friends for-sake me, Or my soul by foes sur-rounded be. How 'twill soothe my spir - it, Comfort it, and cheer it, Just to know that Je-sus cares for me.

3. When I feel the touch of death's cold fin - gers, And the si-lent stream I clear-ly see, How it will re-lieve me, Oh, what joy 'twill give me, Just to know that Je-sus cares for me. Blessed thought, He cares for me, My Sav - ior cares for me, How it thrills with peace di - vine, Sat - is - fies this soul of mine, Bless - ed thought, it cheers and

CHORUS.

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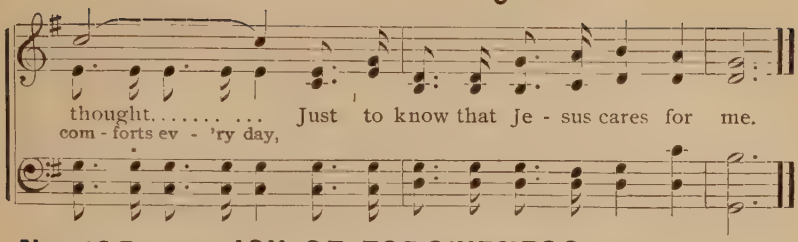
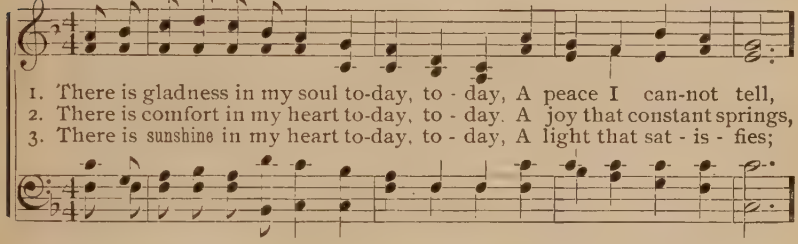
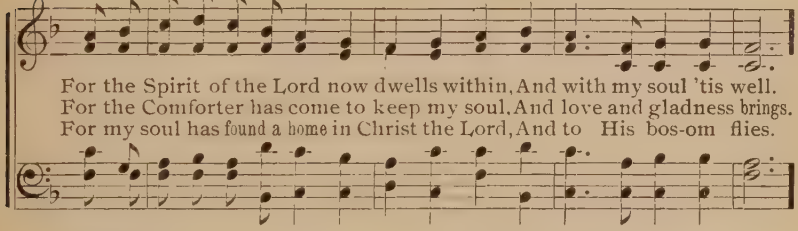
Blessed Thought.



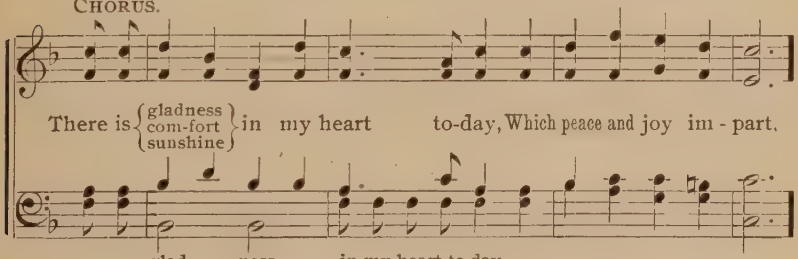
No. 195. JOY OF FORGIVENESS.

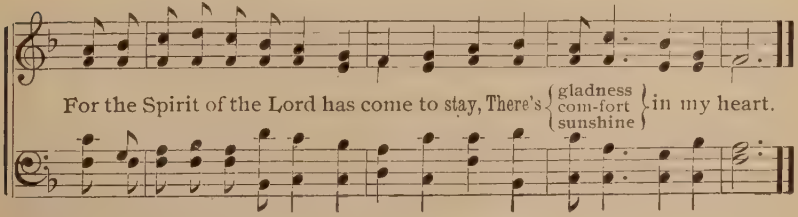
A. S. D. A. S. De Yoe.





CHORUS.





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No. 196. CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

T. Berry Smith, A. M. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Go and preach the Gos - pel, Preach in ev - 'ry land,
2. Long a - go these ti - dings To the world were told,
3. "Peace, good will, a Sav - ior For a fall - en race!"
4. We are will - ing work - ers In the Sun - day School,

Preach to ev - 'ry creature," Was the Lord's com - mand.
Un - to wond'ring shepherds, Watching by their fold;
O such bless-ed ti-dings From God's throne of grace!
La-b'ring for the Mas - ter And His gold - en rule;

Do - ing His com - mand - ment In the ends of time,
O'er Ju - de - a's mead - ows An - gels sang to them:
Mid - night song of an - gels, Je - sus' last com - mand:
We are Chris-tian Sol - diers, Christ our Cap-tain is;

Let us bear the ti - dings Un - to ev - 'ry clime.
"Peace, good will, a Sav - ior Born in Beth - le - hem."
"Go and preach the gos - pel Un - to ev - 'ry land."
Ours be all the serv - ice, All the glo - ry His.

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Christian Workers.

CHORUS.

We are Chris - tian work - ers, A u - nit - ed band,..... A u - nit - ed band,.....
We are Chris - tian work - ers A u - nit - ed band, A u - - nit - ed band,

A u - nit - ed band!..... We are Chris - tian work - ers, A u - nit - ed band,.....
A u - - nit - ed band, We are Chris - tian work - ers, A u - - nit - ed band,

Loy - al to the Sun - day School, And for Christ we stand!
Loy - al to the Sun - day School, And for Christ we stand!

No. 197. AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. At the foot of the cross where I found the light, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
2. Oh, the love, tender love of the Cru-ci-fied! Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
3. Come to Him, weary soul, come, and with me sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Oh, my heart it was filled with a glo-ry bright, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
'Twas for me, ev-en me, that the Savior died, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
Come, and kneel at the cross of my Sav-ior, King, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

In the depths of my soul was a joyful lay, When the dear Son of God wash'd my sins away,
Oh, the song in my heart, Oh, the joy divine, When the Lord said to me, "Thou art surely mine!"
Come, ye burden'd, oppressed with your sin and woe, Come to Him who awaits you, His love to show.

:S: FINE.

And I first sang the song which I sing to-day, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
And a glad voice within answered, "I am Thine," Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
For with Him in your heart heav'n begins be-low; Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

D. S.—At the foot of the cross where I found the light, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, . . . Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb, . . .
to the Lamb, to the Lamb,

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No. 198. OUR GOSPEL LIGHT.

JAMES ROWE. (QUARTET.) DR. S. B. JACKSON.

1. How brightly shines our Gospel Light, How comforting its rays; It
2. How speed-i - ly our Gospel Light The drooping soul can cheer! How
3. Shine on, dear gift of God a-bove, And dai - ly bright-er shine, Till

guides us thro' the dark - est night, And glad-dens all our days. Who
soon dis - pel the crush-ing blight Of sin, or doubt, or fear! Oh,
ev - 'ry soul re - ceive and love Thy beams of truth di- vine. Shine

lets the eye up - on it rest, Will nev - er, nev - er rove! With
who would not this Light ex-tol When sure that ev - 'ry ray Is
on! shine on till er - ror flee, And sin be known no more; Till

peace di- vine it fills the breast, And floods the soul with love.
bright e-nough to guide a soul To realms of end-less day.
ev - 'ry tongue shall praise-ful be, And ev - 'ry soul a - dore.

May be used as a Coda only. *Rit.* . . . .

Blest Light, shine on Till night is gone.
Blest Light, shine on, shine on..... Till sin's dark night is gone.

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No. 199. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

LE R. M. LE ROY MOORE.

1. I love to read the precious sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" That
2. I love to tell the bless-ed sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" That
3. I love to sing the bless-ed sto-ry, "Je - sus died for me;" I

I might dwell with Him in glo - ry, Je - sus died for me. A
I may dwell with Him in glo - ry, Je - sus died for me. Give
want to join His choir in glo - ry, "Je - sus died for me." Come,

sin - ner lost in sin and shame, He came to set me free; To
Him thy heart, oh, wea - ry soul, He gave His life for thee! Join
let us join with heart and voice, In praise and mel - o - dy, Till

REFRAIN.

fill my soul with joy for-ev - er, Je - sus died for me. "Je-sus died for
in the song, and sing for-ev - er, "Je - sus died for me."
all the world shall sing together: "Je - sus died for me."

me," Died to make me free; That I might dwell with Him in glory, Jesus died for me.
for me,

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No. 200. THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry.

D.C.–Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib. D. C.

I can hear my Sav-ior calling, "Take thy cross, and fol-low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 201. DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? }
2. { I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not harken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }
3. { Now in-cline me to re-lent; Let me now my sins la-ment: Now my foul re-volt de-plōre, Weep, believe, and sin no more. }

REFRAIN.

{ God is love, I know, I feel; Jesus weeps and loves me still; } Je-sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

No. 202. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry And end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem-er, My
par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing The
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew Lies
dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav-ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

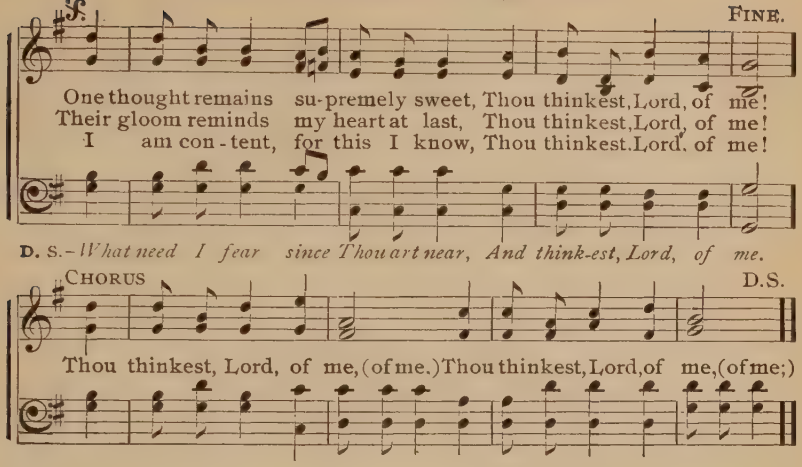
No. 203. THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

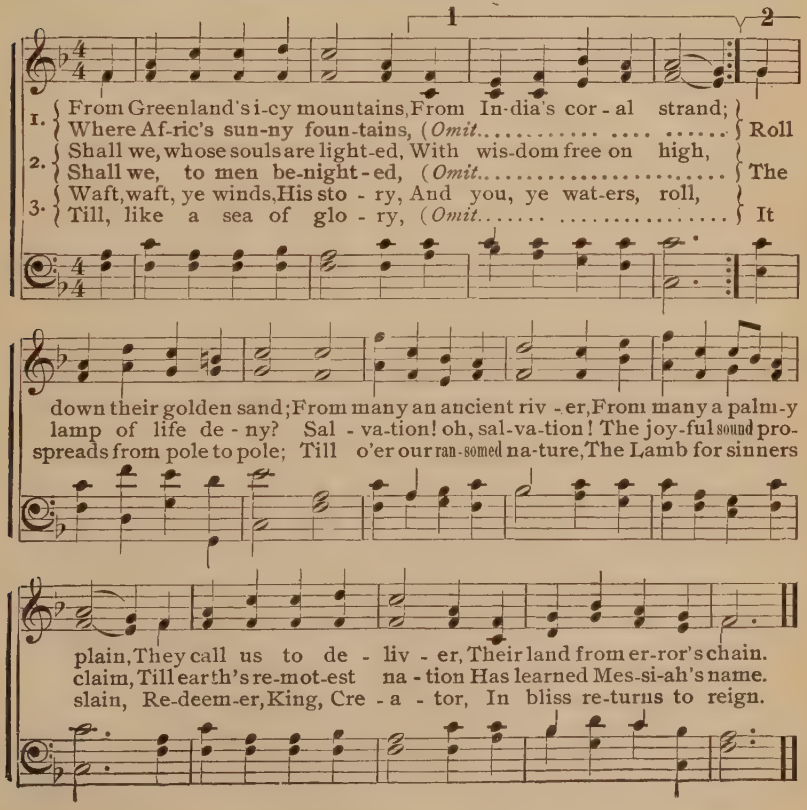
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

USED BY PERMISSION.

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.



No. 204. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.



No. 205. COME, LET US JOIN.

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died, "they cry, "To be ex-alt - ed thus!"
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to receive Hon - or and pow'r di-vine;
4. Let all that dwell a -bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas,
5. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor-thy the Lamb!" our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us."
And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for-ev - er Thine!
Con-spire to lift Thy glo-ries high, And speak Thine end-less praise.
Of Him who sits up -on the throne And to a-dore the Lamb!

No. 206. HARK! TEN THOUSAND.

FINE.

1. { Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices, Sound the note of praise a-bove;
Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, }
2. { Je-sus, hail! whose glo-ry brightens, All a-bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth. }

D.C.—*Hal- le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.*

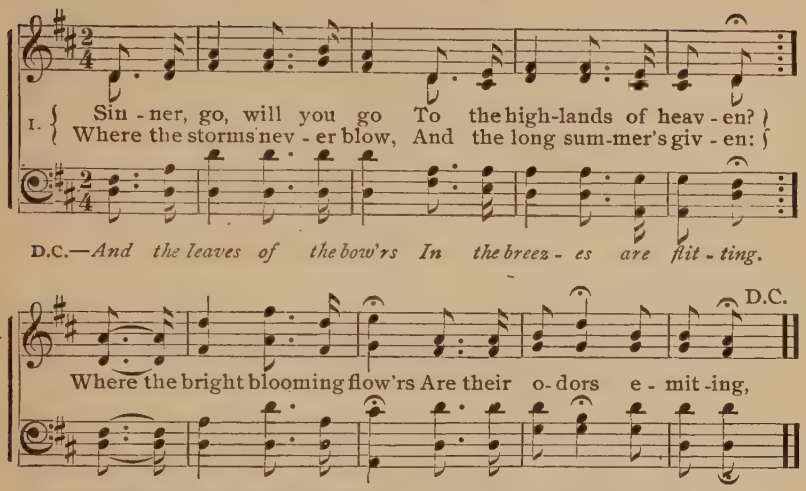
D.C.

See, He sits on yonder throne; Je-sus rules the world a - lone;
See, He sits on yon-der throne, Je-sus rules the world a - lone;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di- vine;
When we think of love like Thine, Lord we own it love di- vine;

3 King of glory reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

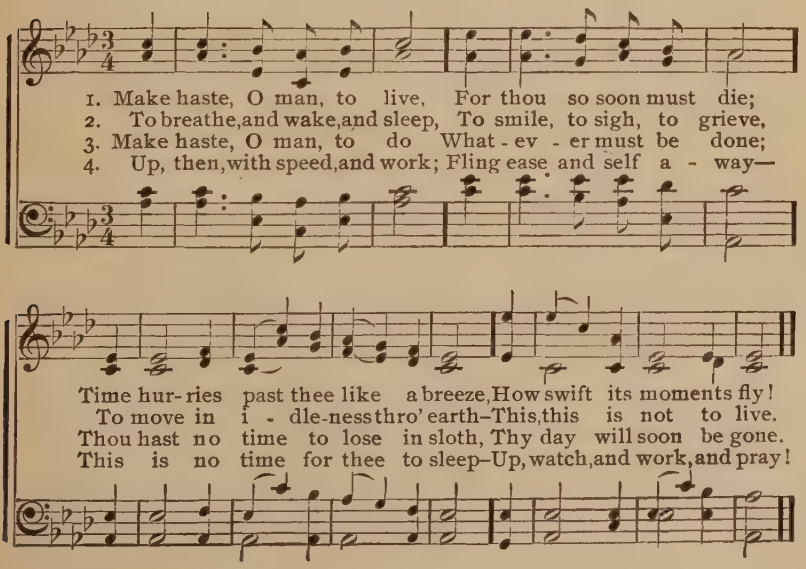
No. 207. THE SINNER INVITED.



2 Where the saints rob'd in white,
Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

No. 208. LEIGHTON. S. M.



No. 209. MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a-bove,

Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
And sorrow'd oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
I trav-el calm-ly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 210. AMERICA.

S. F. Smith.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

America.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's

Cres.

Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 211. ROCK OF AGES.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

D. C.—*Be of sin the dou-ble cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.*

D. C.

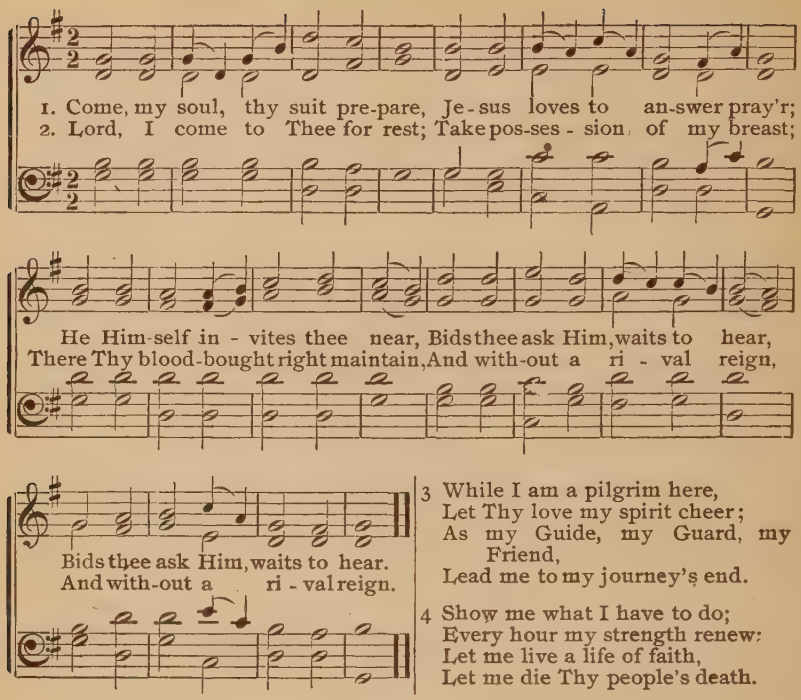
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 212. COME, MY SOUL.



3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

No. 213.

Children of the Heavenly King.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey we will sing,—
Sing our Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon we'll enter into rest;
There our seat is now prepared,
There our Kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

No. 214. Hark, My Soul.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Savior, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

No. 215. ROOM FOR ALL.

L. B. BATES. C. H. G.

1. There's room in God's e - ter - nal love, To save thy pre-cious soul;
Room in the Spir - it's grace a-bove, To heal and make thee whole.

2. There's room within the church, redeem'd With blood of Christ di-vine;
Room in the white-rob'd throng, conven'd For that dear soul of thine.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's room, There's room for thee, and there's room for all; for all.
Yes, there's room, there's room for thee,

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3 There's room in heav'n among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of vict'ry there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

4 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and millions more;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord,
Yea, come this very hour.

AZMON.

No. 216.

1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 217.

1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 218. THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I

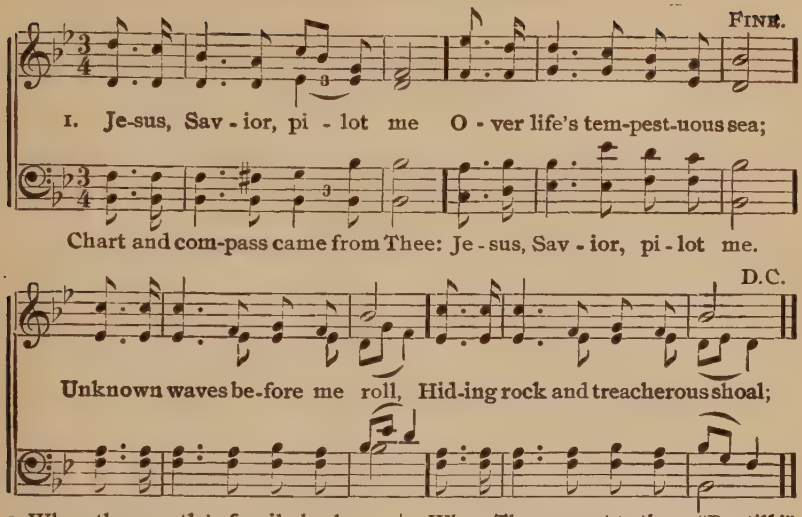
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent
tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-

fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
fine, Thy dross to con-sume and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

No. 219. SAVIOR, PILOT ME.



2 When the apostle's fragile bark
Struggled with the billow's dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld Thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

No. 220. I Gave My Life.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
‖: I gave, I gave my life for thee, :‖
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone.
‖: I left, I left it all for thee, :‖
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than my tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
‖: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, :‖
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
‖: I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, :‖
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

No. 221.

Take The Name Of Jesus.

Key, A♭

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

No. 222. O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful most bright:
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
   On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth,

On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was giv'n.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls,
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 223. JESUS IS MINE!

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-

Jesus Is Mine.

ten-der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per-ish - ing things of clay,
dawning light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel-come, oh, loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing place, Je-sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Wel-come, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 224. I STRETCH MY HANDS TO THEE.

CHARLES WESLEY. Tune: I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
CHO.— I do be-lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou with-draw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure, My soul from end-less death!
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou wouldst re-
In this accepted hour. [lieve.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.

No. 225. CONSECRATION.

Mrs. Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. My bo-dy, soul and spi-rit, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-
2. O Je-sus, mighty Sav-ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire, descend-ing Just now up-on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je-sus, Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me

Refrain.

crat-ed offering, Thine evermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
Thy sal-va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
humble offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
by Thy Spir-it, A sac-ri-fice to God.

Rit.

waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

BOYLSTON.

No. 226.

1 A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

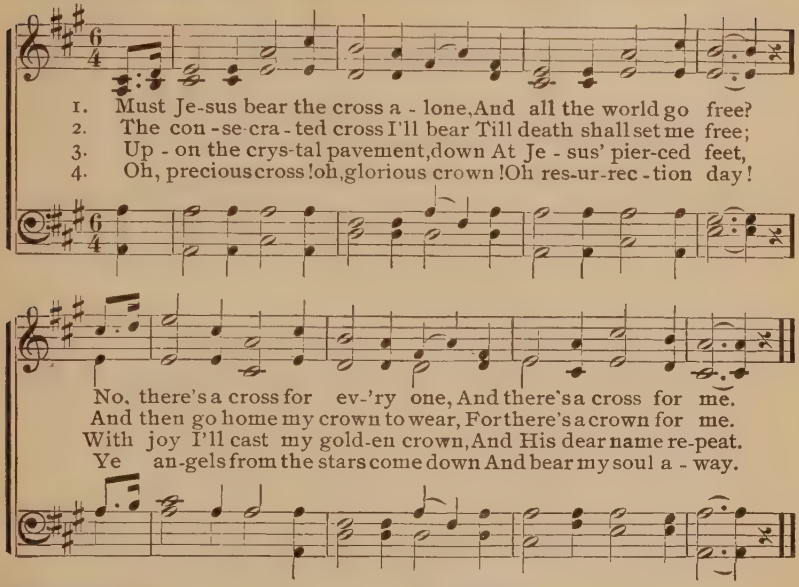
No. 227.

1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own the Conqueror!

3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 228. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.



No. 229.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Key of A♭.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CATERINE HANKEY.

No. 230.

Marching to Zion.

Key of G.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

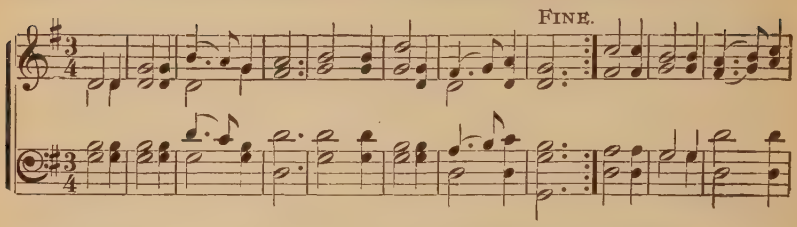
2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heav'nly King,
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad
May speak their joys abroad.

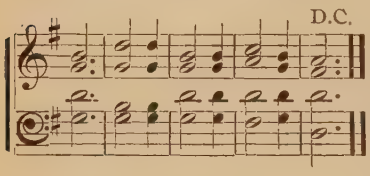
3 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry, [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high, [ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 231. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.



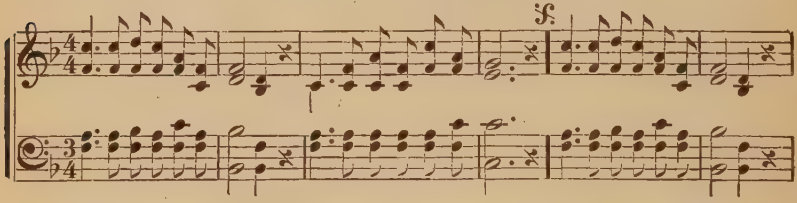


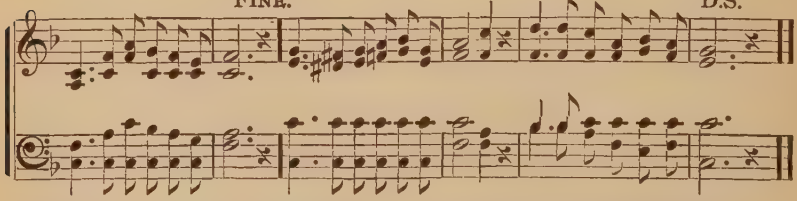
1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Wisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 232. WHAT A FRIEND.



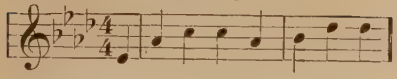


1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer:
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 233. Jesus, my All.

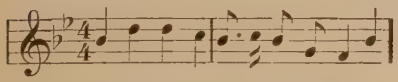


1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view,
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The Kings highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned, because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
'Till late I heard my Savior say
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners 'round,
What a dear Savior I have found,
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

No 234. Tell it to Jesus.



1 Are you weary, are you heavy-hearted,
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving over joys departed?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

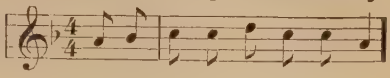
CHO.—Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus,
He is a friend that's well known;
You have no other such a friend or brother,
Tell it to Jesus alone.

2 Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

4 Are you troubled at the tho't of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

No. 235. The Lily of the Valley.



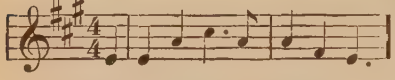
1 I have found a friend in Jesus, He's every thing to me,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul;
The Lily of the Valley, in Him alone I see,
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

CHO.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I have all for Him forsaken, and all idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me and Satan tempts me sore,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

3 He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory we see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll,
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

No. 236 Blessed be the name.



1 All praise to Him who reigns above,
In majesty supreme;
Who gave His Son for man to die,
That He might man redeem.

CHO.–Blessed be the name, blessed be the [name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

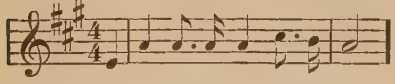
2 His name above all names shall stand,
Exalted more and more,
At God the Father's own right hand,
Where angel hosts adore.

3 Redeemer, Savior, Friend of man,
Once ruined by the fall,
Thou hast devised salvation's plan,
For Thou hast died for all.

4 His name shall be the Counselor,
The mighty Prince of Peace,
Of all earth's kingdom's Conqueror,
Whose reign shall never cease.

5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.

No. 237. The Home Over There.



1 Oh, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

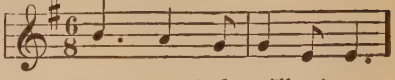
3 My Savior is now over there, [rest;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 238. Nearer, my God.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

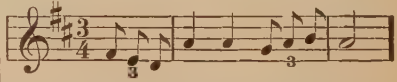
2 Though like a wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 239. Blessed Assurance.



1 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.–‖:This is my story, this is my song,
Praising the Savior all the day long:‖

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst forth on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Savior am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting and looking above,
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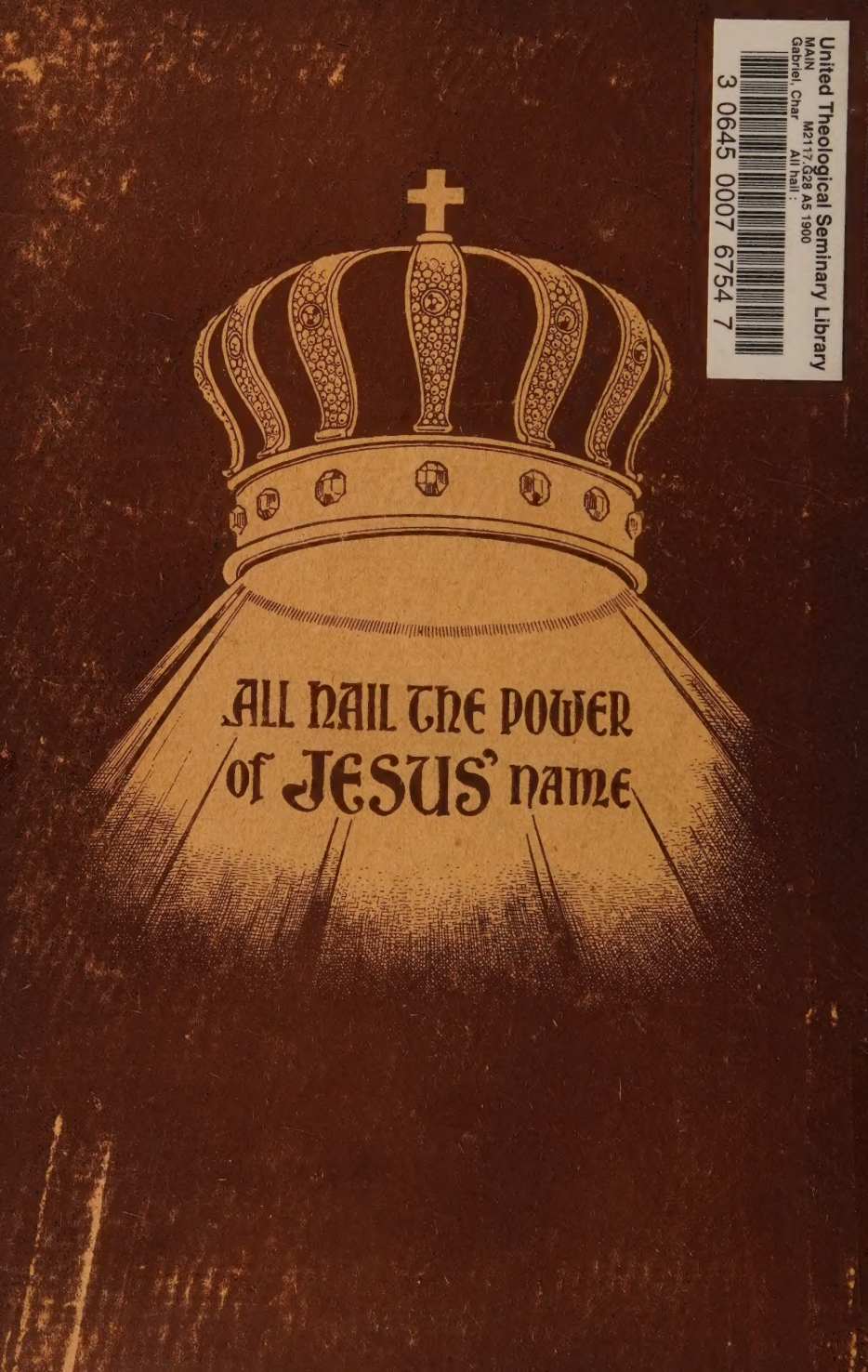

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